THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Foun . D. 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MARCH 19 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

DRAWN BY WALTER WHITEHEAD

The Saturday Evening Post

Now has a net paid circulation of more than

700,000

Copies Weekly

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING
COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

When you think
of FLOUR
Think of GOLD MEDAL

There are other kinds

But this is
The Flour
That Brings
Results

Washburn-Crosby Co.
MINNEAPOLIS.

COPYRIGHTED 1904, WASHBURN—CROSBY CO.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^{o}D^{i} 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

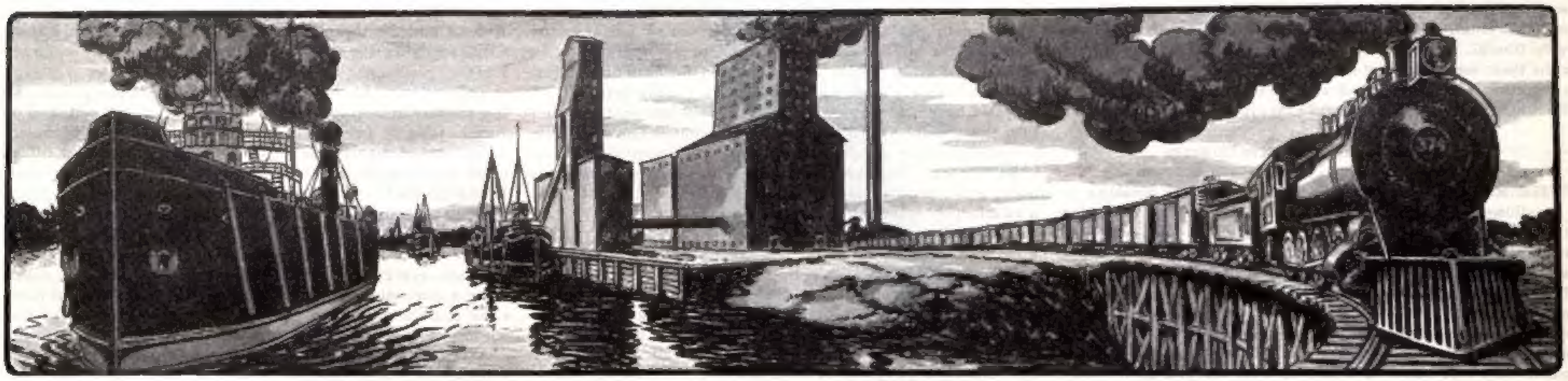
Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 170 PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19, 1904 Number 38

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

THE TRUST WITH A MILLION MEMBERS



What the Farmers are Planning and Where They Got the Idea

BY CLARENCE H. MATSON

A GROUP of farmers was gathered in front of the post-office in a little Western town one Saturday afternoon a year or two ago, gossiping after the manner of the rural male. And where two or three farmers are gathered together in that region, there the wheat market is the foremost topic of conversation.

"How much is Anderson paying for wheat to-day, Haines?" asked one farmer of another. "You sold yours to him, didn't you?"

"Yes, and he only gave me fifty-four cents," answered the man to whom the question was addressed. "Graded it number three when it ought to have been two."

"What's got into the grain buyers, anyway?" said the first man. "Peters is paying just the same, and won't go any higher. Neither one seems anxious to buy the wheat. Why, a few years ago they would come out and meet us in the road and bid against one another up to the top notch; but they never do that now."

The Reign of the Wheat Buyers

"THAT'S easily explained," said a third man. "They are in a pool. Every morning they receive orders from Omaha how much to pay for wheat during the day, and both of them stick to that price. They don't care which one gets the grain because they put all their profits in together and then divide them. And it's a mighty big profit, too. For instance, to-day they are paying fifty-four cents for number three. In Omaha it is sixty-nine. The freight from here to Omaha is nine cents. Allowing one cent for commission and another cent for profit, they could pay fifty-seven cents and still do well; instead of which they are making three cents a bushel above that.

"Say, Webster," said the first man, "that's robbery, pure and simple."

"Oh, no. You're a little too harsh in your terms, Jenkins," said Webster. "That is business."

"Mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tis," replied Jenkins, "but it looks a good deal like road-agent business to me. Look here," he continued, "I brought in four loads of wheat here to-day, fifty bushels to the load, and, according to your figuring, I have just been robbed out of six dollars on them four loads. And there's twenty more just like me been in here to-day. If they made as much extra off of each of the others as they did off of me they made $120. I've got 12,000 bushels of wheat, and if they pay me three cents less than they ought to I'll lose $360, and it will all go into their pockets. If that ain't robbery I don't know what is."

"They really do a little better by themselves than that," said Webster again. "By scouring and mixing the wheat in the right way they make about three cents a bushel more. Then Anderson is buying for a line elevator, and he doesn't have to pay any commission charges for selling, so he's a cent better off there. This grain business is a great thing now."

"I'll just haul my wheat over to Randall," said Jenkins. "It's four miles farther, but I'll do it and see if I can't get a decent price."

"It won't do you any good. You'll find the buyers there are paying the same as they are here. They all get their orders from the same place."

"Well, I don't think the buyers are treating us right, anyway," said Jenkins. "I'm going to make a kick."

"The local buyers are not so much to blame," explained Webster. "Now, here is Anderson. He used to own his own elevator, but the line elevator company made him sell out to them. They threatened to put in a new elevator and run him out of business if he didn't sell, so he sold. Now he is manager for the line company, works on a salary, and has to pay what he's told to. Peters still owns his own elevator, of course, but if he should try to run up the price on the line elevator it would run him out of business in no time, so it offers to pool the business here if he will agree to pay the price they set, and he is powerless to do anything else. So there you are."

"Isn't there anything we can do?" demanded Jenkins. "What's the matter with shipping our own wheat and not selling to Anderson and Peters at all?"

"Well, there are two or three little things that stand in the way," said Webster. "In the first place, you probably could not get a car from the railroad company in which to ship your grain, and in the next place, if you got your car, when you got to Omaha or Kansas City you couldn't get a commission man to handle it for you. If a commission man sells wheat that doesn't come from a regular buyer he is likely to be boycotted by the buyers who are organized. Your wheat would simply stand there in the car with demurrage charges piling up until you sold it to a local buyer here for whatever he happened to be paying that day, and then a commission firm would handle it for him."

"Ain't there anything we can do?" asked Jenkins.

"The only thing I know of," answered Webster, "would be for the farmers to build an elevator of their own and hire somebody to run it. Even that is kind of risky, but I believe it is worth trying."

As a result of this conversation the farmers of that community built a coöperative elevator. The same thing happened in dozens of other communities. The farmers learned something about "modern methods of business." In two States and a Territory they now have a line elevator system of their own, and to-day there is a plan on foot for the organization of what amounts to a farmers' trust, to take in the entire Mississippi Valley and to be capitalized at $50,000,000.

Why Farmers' Societies Have Failed

MOVEMENTS for the organization of farmers into societies of various kinds with a business side to them have been common before this, but they have generally failed. The Grange was such an organization, and where it held to practical ideas it is alive to-day, but it is not doing business as a great organization. The Farmers' Alliance followed it in the early nineties, but it quickly went to pieces on the shoals of politics. Since then the farming population has got rid of some of its theories and has learned practical business. Whether the farmers have yet learned the lesson of combination well enough to form a $50,000,000 trust remains to be demonstrated, but the history of the growth and development of this idea is a matter of interest.

For a number of years several hundred farmers of Calhoun County, Iowa, have been organized into a coöperative company, with headquarters at Rockwell, and they have successfully sold their own grain and hay, and bought their own farm implements, lumber and coal at wholesale. The Rockwell society has gone along peacefully and inconspicuously attracting little notice, but when the modern development of the line elevator in the grain business began to eat up the profits that the farmer thought belonged to him, "the Rockwell plan" furnished him a way to fight back; and nearly all of the several hundred farmers' elevator companies that have been organized in the Middle West in the past two or three years have followed the Rockwell plan.

The reason for the organization of the farmers' companies has been the development of the line elevator in the grain business and the formation of associations among grain buyers that have stifled competition. The line elevator is a product of the Northwest. It is simply the idea of combination carried into the grain business. A big corporation buys or builds ten, twenty, possibly fifty elevators along railroads centring at a certain grain market. There it builds a terminal elevator. It maintains agents at each of its country elevators along the line of the railroad, and these agents simply buy the grain and ship it to the terminal. The high-priced machinery for mixing, scouring and brightening the grain is all contained in the terminal elevator, and that equipment, therefore, does not have to be maintained at each of the little line elevators, as would be the case if each were independent. The terminal, too, has a greater assortment of grain for profitable mixing than a small elevator would have, and naturally a big concern can dispose of its goods to better advantage than a small one. Therefore the line elevator system cheapened the cost of handling the grain, and as a consequence gave the line elevator company power over the independent dealers in its territory. It could either force them to sell or pool profits with it, as it desired. It fixed the price to be paid for grain each day, both by its own elevators and by the independent dealers in its territory, and being a corporation, it usually saw that the margin of profit was very liberal. The farmers were powerless, as they could not ship their own grain, and the only thing left was to build competing elevators. And this is what they did, and the Rockwell system enabled them to do it successfully.

A Defensive and Offensive Alliance

THE Rockwell plan is coöperative. No one member is allowed to own a very large number of shares—ten or twenty is frequently the limit. This is to prevent some enemy from coming in and buying up the stock. The par value of the shares is usually only ten dollars, so it requires little money to become a shareholder. The man with only one share has just as much voice in the management of the organization as the man with ten. Our government is a coöperative concern in this respect—the vote of the man worth only one hundred dollars counts for just as much as the vote of the man with a million. So in a coöperative society, the man with ten shares is no more powerful than the man with one. This is another safeguard to prevent the organization from falling into the hands of enemies. Another thing: In declaring dividends only a small amount, perhaps from six to ten per cent., is declared on the stock, and as the profits are frequently far greater than this the balance is divided according to the amount of business each member has done through the organization. This is on the theory that the member who has sold ten thousand bushels of grain through the organization has contributed ten times as much toward making up the profits as the man who has sold only one thousand bushels, and to each should be returned the profits that he has paid in.

By far the most effective idea of the Rockwell system, however, is its plan for fighting the big elevator companies who attempt to put the coöperators out of business. Naturally, when a farmers' company encroaches on the business of an established grain buyer the latter resents it, and until he learns better he tries to run the newcomers out of business by putting the price of grain so high that those who have grain to sell will give it all to him and the other concern will do no business at all. With a private concern this usually brings one of two results: either the new elevator eventually becomes bankrupt and is driven out of business, or it is forced into a grain-buyers' pool on whatever terms the established buyers dictate.

But the Rockwell system prevents any such results of a fight against a farmers' elevator company. Whenever such a company is formed its membership usually includes a majority of the farmers of the community. All these farmers want is to get a fair price for their grain. They do not care whether their own elevator or the opposition handles it, so long as they get what they think is a fair deal. To secure this the by-laws of every association organized according to the Rockwell system contain a provision that whenever a member shall sell any wheat outside of the association elevator he shall forfeit one cent per bushel to the company. The manager of the farmers' company figures on paying as high a price as possible, leaving just enough margin to cover expenses and any possible contingencies. Then, if the independent dealer or the line elevator company runs the price any higher they may do so at a loss. When this happens the farmers simply take their grain to their own elevator to have it weighed and tested, and then sell it to the man who is offering the highest price, insisting on the weights and tests as shown by their own elevator. Upon receiving their pay they drive back to their own elevator and pay in one cent a bushel for all they have sold. This one cent not only pays for keeping their elevator ready for business, but as long as it is not actually running it leaves a good margin of profit.

An Easy Way to Beat Cut Rates

FOR instance: In the town cited in the beginning of this paper the line elevator company attempted to drive the farmers' company out of business as soon as it started. Before the establishment of the farmers' elevator the price paid for wheat was fifty-four cents a bushel at a time when the farmers figured that at least three cents more could be paid, and even a higher price than that by taking advantage of the science of mixing grain. The farmers' elevator put the price up to fifty-seven cents on the same kind of a market. In order to put the farmers' elevator out of business the line elevator bid fifty-eight cents, and occasionally more, in order to get all the grain and make the farmers dissatisfied with their own elevator. The farmers simply let the line elevator have all the wheat, and then paid one cent a bushel into the treasury of their own association. Thus the line elevator, instead of driving the farmers' company out of existence, actually paid its expenses in keeping its elevator open, and a profit besides, in addition to giving the farmers a satisfactory price for their grain.

The success of these farmers' companies depends solely upon wise management and the membership being content with reasonable results. If, however, the management happens to be reckless and the membership jealous of one another or anxious for extraordinary results a coöperative company is very likely to go to pieces. But so many have been successful that, beginning with the fall of 1901, they have multiplied rapidly in most of the grain-growing States. The commission men in the large grain centres soon realized that the farmers' elevators were numerous enough to furnish a good business outside of the old line dealers, and the difficulty of marketing the grain was thus removed; and many elevators found little trouble in disposing of unmixed wheat to Western millers without depending on commission merchants.

The line companies, which were practically trusts, discovered that they would have to find new ways to fight the farmers' companies, and they have done so. One way is to stir up dissatisfaction among the members. Another, and a very vexatious way to most farmers, is to prevent a newly organized company from securing a site adjacent to the railroad track for its elevator. This is done through influence with the railroad company. As line elevator companies do a large business their "pull" with the railroads is considerable, and it is no difficult matter for a railroad official to find an excuse for refusing a farmers' company an elevator site on the railroad right-of-way. This is a serious matter, as in order to handle grain cheaply it must be possible to load it directly from the elevator into the cars.

This has by no means stopped the farmers, however, even where elevator sites have been positively refused. In some places they have built their elevators on sites adjoining the railroad right-of-way and then devised spouts long enough to carry the grain from the top of the building to cars on the nearest switch. In other places, in States where the laws enable them to do so, they have built their elevators on their own property and then invoked the law to compel the railroad company to give them a spur leading to the elevator.

The Spread of the Coöperative Idea

IT IS estimated that there were on January 1, 1904, about 500 of these farmers' companies in the grain-growing States of the Middle West. Minnesota had 106, Nebraska had about 75, Kansas had about 100, and a few other States lesser numbers. Nearly all have been started in the past three years. In Illinois a year ago there were only 30 such organizations; in ten months the number had increased to 80.

Many of the managers of these farmers' elevators realized from the start that the regular line elevators could handle grain cheaper than could small elevators separately. In the first place, a fifty-dollar-a-month man can run a small line elevator where there is nothing to do except weigh the grain the farmers bring in and issue checks for it, and keep a gasoline engine running to clean the grain and load it into the cars.

The work of mixing and otherwise manipulating the grain, requiring a high-priced superintendent and expensive machinery, is done in the big terminal elevator, to which all the grain from the little line elevators is shipped. In the case of independent buyers and farmers' companies each separate elevator has to be equipped for this work. Then, again, the line company has the advantage in finding a market for its grain. It effects a saving by selling in large quantities, and it is able to deal directly with the exporter. It has to pay no commission to brokers, because its grain goes directly from its line elevator into its terminal, and this alone effects a saving of a cent a bushel on wheat.

In order to gain some of these advantages for the farmers' companies there have been numerous attempts to form them into associations of various kinds, but these attempts have, in practically every case, failed to secure the desired results. But about a year ago a move was inaugurated to form a line of farmers' elevators by organizing a coöperative company to take in all the farmers' elevators possible in Oklahoma, Kansas and Southern Nebraska, with a terminal in Kansas City, applying the Rockwell system on a greatly enlarged scale.

This company seems to be successful. In the course of a few months it secured a paid-up capital of $75,000, and on July 8, 1903, it opened its first elevator—one in Oklahoma. At the end of six months it had twenty elevators and fifteen other shipping points where elevators had not yet been built. It had handled one and a quarter million bushels of grain, making a net profit of nearly $14,000, and it had increased the price of grain from three to five cents a bushel over what it had been before the farmers' elevators were established, at nearly every place where it is doing business. Its shares have a par value of ten dollars each. It has several thousand shareholders, and the majority own only one or two shares each.

At one point, Billings, Oklahoma, over three hundred farmers are shareholders.

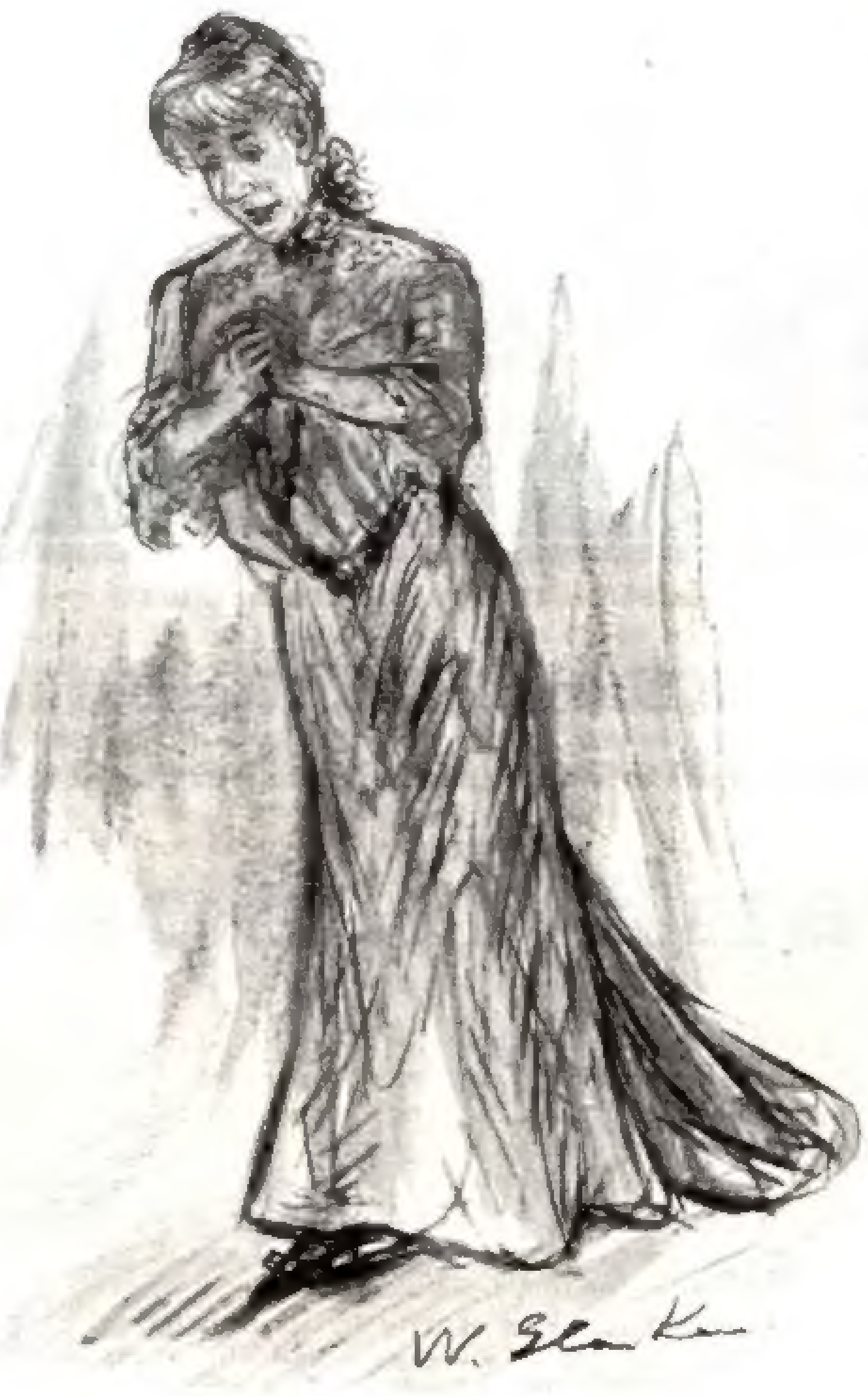
The Fifty-Million-Dollar Trust

THE success of this association has doubtless done much to encourage the belief that a veritable farmers' trust can be formed, and around this association as a nucleus the proposed trust is to be built.

Within the last three or four months a movement has been inaugurated to combine all of the various lines of farmers' business organizations into one great company to cover the entire Middle West. Already representatives of various associations have held meetings and appointed committees to formulate plans to bring about such a combination. The promoters of the idea realize that it will perhaps be several years before the complete plan can be carried out. But they are preparing to build in that way. The plan in general is this: To take the farmers' line elevator association of Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma as a nucleus, and enlarge it to take in all coöperative elevators, with terminal facilities at Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul or Minneapolis, and wherever else appears necessary; to capitalize this farmers' trust at $50,000,000 to start with, with stock at ten dollars a share, no member to hold more than three hundred shares; to branch out from the grain business into livestock, and eventually to build packing-houses at each of the great livestock markets; to combine the fruit-growers' associations, and to handle the output in a way to prevent the market from becoming glutted at one point, with demoralized prices and fruit spoiling, while a scarcity prevails at another point; to combine the farmers' coöperative creameries, with representatives in each of the large centres of population, which would bring about the marketing of the product more cheaply and more satisfactorily; to sell lumber, coal and farm implements to stockholders in the association at practically cost, and eventually to manufacture also the farm implements.

ME FOR SAL

By Gelett Burgess



SHE WAS INTERESTED IN EVERYTHING I DID

ADVERTISING ain't what it was in the old days when they did it by hand, so to speak. I can recall the time when a whole valley would be preëmpted by a stove-polish hustler, rocks, barns and fences, only to have his claim jumped by some quack-medicine fiend, bringing on a regular duel with paint-brushes. Many's the landscape I've spoiled and many's the barn I've disfigured in my day. I've painted signs in and I've painted signs out; I've covered territories the way a kid colors a map. I've slung lampblack and yellow ochre by the barrel; I've made block letters enough to fill a dictionary. Companies didn't buy space by the square foot in my day; they didn't have cut-out fences and funny pictures and electric lights; they advertised by counties and States and mountain ranges, by jiminy! Desecrating the face of Nature was good enough for *them*. These here breakfast-food people have taken all the romance out of the business.

It was in the spring of 1879 when I got an order from the Medford Salt Company to decorate the Connecticut Valley. Medford Salt was supposed to be Heaven's best gift to invalids suffering from ague, chills and fever, rheumatism, and the Lord only knows what else. It was my opinion then, and it's my firm conviction now, that it was nothing more nor less than a fake, pure and simple, only it was not pure and not simple. I diagnosed the stuff as consisting of sea salt, alum and terra alba in equal parts. But that was none of my business; I only had to illuminate the countryside with the conspicuous words, "TRY MEDFORD SALT FOR AGUE: IT CURES"—or any other phrase I could cook up to fill the proper space. I was known to be equal to the best for neatness and dispatch, and the company left all details to me. I hired a horse and democrat wagon, bought a stock of paints, oils and brushes, and started out to attract attention to the supposed virtues of Medford Salt. Besides this material I had a half-dozen cases of the remedy to pay for space with where I couldn't steal it.

I broke into the valley at Springfield, Massachusetts, planning to work up the left bank into New Hampshire and down the right-side bank back. There were no game laws or closed seasons then. If I found a rock I wanted was already covered I painted the sign out with white lead, returning in a day or two to use the space for Medford Salt, trusting to luck that there wouldn't be anybody with a brush along after me for some time. I took my chances with the rivals in my business as a part of the job, and farmers with shotguns I usually managed to fool by working on dangerous places at night with a dark lantern.

When I got up as far as Adamston, New Hampshire, I found I'd have to stop there some time, for there was a branch of the Connecticut came in there that I wished to adorn. So I put up at the Central House and made that my headquarters. In Adamston I met Sally Twitchell, and collapsed for the first time in front of a woman. She had a farm in her own right and no relatives, except her kid sister, who had all the beauty and none of the sense in the family.

I got up to the Twitchell place about twice a week, and I made hay while the sun shone, spinning out my time there by doing both sides of the river at once. I got acquainted first by securing Sal's consent to having the side of her barn painted. I just threw myself on that piece of work, and did the company credit.

I had talked the business over with Sal, and she was terribly interested, thinking it was a romantic sort of life for a man to be in. She got up the design for the barn herself, and it took me two days to paint it in lemon-yellow letters on a Prussian blue background, about the most expensive paints I could select. There were three lines of it, and it read this way:

TRY
MEDFORD SALT
IT SATISFIES

Sal spent a lot of time watching me work, and insisted on learning how to mix paints, about the only thing in the world she wasn't up on besides horning cattle. I kept a lot of my paint in her barn for her to fool with, and before she'd got through she'd done over about the whole inside of the house. Her fondness for paint went right to my heart. She saw possibilities in it that I had never dreamed of.

I would have felt pretty sure of her if it hadn't been for a chap named Teddy Doane who used to come to the house as regular as I did, and between the two of us Sal kept us guessing. Teddy had a general store in Adamston, and another across the river in Clinton, Vermont. Of course, he was a good deal better off than I was, and a nice enough fellow with the girls, so I was considerably afraid of him. My long suit was a knowledge of the world, including Boston and New York, with a spice of adventure thrown in, and I played my cards accordingly. Teddy held trumps in being right on the ground winter and summer, so that it looked like an even break with a chance for each. Sal acted square with both of us, but her little sister teased the life out of us.

Meanwhile, Medford Salt was permeating the vicinity; I didn't allow lovemaking to interfere with business, and my contract called for some pretty lively work. If I wanted to earn the thousand dollars I was to get for my trip I had to hump myself, and without that thousand in sight I couldn't propose to Sal. I told her as much as I dared to, and waited for a chance to say the rest.

We walked and we talked as much as I had time for, and got better acquainted every day. She was interested in everything I did and all I'd seen, and it seemed to me she'd be ready to sell out and go to New York whenever I said the word. She sewed on buttons for me, and mended my clothes, and showed me how to get the paint out of my fingernails. But she was just as good to Teddy, too, being the kind that always likes to be doing for her friends. I could see he was getting to the point himself where he'd soon propose, but before either of us popped the flood came.

I'd been across the river a way, embellishing the view with ochre and bronze-green, when, one night, I got back into Clinton to find the river had broken loose and flooded half the town. The Adamston bridge had been carried away, and I couldn't get across to see Sal.

I put up at the Clinton Hotel, and there I found Teddy Doane, who had come over to his store, and the two of us put in a pretty miserable night. We'd never been alone together before, and we weren't over-anxious to get acquainted. There was nothing for it, though, but to pretend to be friends, and we played high-low-jack till it was time to go to bed. In that way we escaped talk by mutual consent.

The next morning who should turn up but Lulu, Sal's little sister, in a pink party-dress, gay as a lark. She'd come over to Clinton for a dance, and thought it was great sport to have to stay away from home until the river went down. She giggled to see both of us together, unable to get to Sal. Finally, she called him out in the road on some pretense, and I saw her talking to him and laughing like a fool. Next thing Teddy started over to the livery stable. In five minutes he drove out and turned down the river road toward Williamsburg, whipping his horse like mad. I knew something was up.

"See here," I said, "where's Teddy gone in such a hurry? You've given him a tip about Sal, and you've got to play fair or I'll know the reason why. What's up?"

"I don't mind telling you," Lulu said, "for I don't care much who gets Sal as long as the best man wins. I'm tired of this backing and filling, and it strikes me if either of you wants to marry Sal you'd better be up and doing. Sal's tired of it herself, and she told me last night that she'd have the first one that asked her. Teddy's driving down to Williamsburg to cross the bridge there and get back to Sal and ask her first.

It was no use my trying to catch him with my old mare and a heavy democrat wagon, and I knew it. So I ran across to the stable to get a horse and team, but there wasn't a single one to be had. It was seven miles to Williamsburg, and no boat would live in the freshet.

There didn't seem to be any possible hope for me, but I just sat down to think it over as calmly as I could, to see if I couldn't find some way to win. As I sat there I looked up to a bluff about half a mile back of the town, where I'd put a big sign, MEDFORD SALT, in letters fourteen feet high. I knew it could be seen plainly from Sal's piazza, for we'd often sat there and admired it. Then a thought came to me how I could make use of it. I ran out to the stable and hitched up the mare.

Lickety-split I drove up a hill road, slopping paint right and left till I got to the foot of the cliff. I painted out the two D's and the T, and then I had my sentiments expressed in letters that would carry two miles:

ME FOR SAL

But this wasn't enough. How was I going to attract Sal's attention? Then I thought of a double-barreled shotgun that I kept in the wagon for gray squirrels. I loaded her up, and began a racket that would make a Fourth of July celebration seem like a country Sabbath. Then I sat down and watched the Twitchell house. Pretty soon I saw what looked like a towel waving in circles on the piazza. It was Sal sure, and I was fool enough, in my excitement, to actually try to yell to her. Then I started back to town.

I hadn't gone far, however, before I began to doubt whether I'd won, after all. How did I know that her waving a towel meant that she'd have me? Teddy was likely to turn up at any minute, and might talk her round. Something had to be done to clinch the matter. I stopped and looked about. Right near where I halted there was a big barn I had worked on a month before, and it was, of course, in a conspicuous place, as all my signs were. It read, "TAKE MEDFORD SALT." I had to mix up some Brandon red for this to match the background, and just before I was ready to begin I looked across to the Twitchell place to see if she was still waving. When my eyes lit on her barn I was paralyzed to see that that sign was being changed, too. I strained my eyes and could make out somebody working over the wall. When she moved, what do you think I read? Sal had been painting out the letters until it ran this way:

TRY
ME. SAL

The line below, "IT SATISFIES," she hadn't had time to alter.

You can imagine how I felt. I knew the girl had spunk, but this was beating wireless telegraphy all to pieces, twenty-five years ahead of time. But what took the grin off my face and sent me hurrying up my ladder was to see a little speck crawling up the road across the river. It was a horse and buggy, carrying Teddy Doane as sure as shooting.

I worked like a fiend, and spattered myself with Brandon red regardless. When I got down my sign read:

TAKE
ME O SAL

By this time the speck across the river had disappeared amongst the houses of Adamston, but I didn't care. I had got in my proposal first. There it was over my head in twenty-foot letters that the whole State of New Hampshire could witness, and I had reason to believe that Sal was for me.

I didn't have long to wait, though, for my answer. I was accepted two miles away by the cleverest little woman that ever handled a paint-brush. When I saw what I did see I executed a war-dance, with war-paint on, too. By taking the lower line on her barn, painting out the first T and ISF of "IT SATISFIES," and changing a T and an I into Y's, Sal had sent me her answer:

I SAY YES.

They tell me those signs weren't altered for twenty years, and the Adamston folks tell the story of Sal Twitchell's long-distance proposal to this day.

An Independent Railroad

PHOTO. BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO

MISSION TYPE PASSENGER TERMINAL

The Rise of the Santa Fe, the Road that Plants Families Where Only the Cactus Grew

By Frank H. Spearman

ON THE careers of many Western roads lights and shadows have fallen markedly within the last ten years, but on none with so sharp contrast of good fortune and bad as on the Santa Fe.

There have been periods, and those almost recent, when it seemed as if all of the railroad disasters of the West, whether of hard times, of crop failures or of unfriendly legislation, had camped together on the trail of the Santa Fe. In 1896 many bad men came out of the West; but of those that rode over the railroad pike no discouraged miner, no burnt-out farmer, no starved-out cattleman had more of a hard-luck story than the Santa Fe Railroad. Indeed, it may be pictured about 1896 as a lone frontiersman heaving in sight under the sorriest of hats and on the leanest of ponies, with mustaches at half-mast sweeping his chin in a dirge whenever the wind blew.

In matter of fact, every wind that blew from 1890 to 1895 blew bad luck to the Santa Fe. Dividends had become in the treasurer's office a mere tradition: the defaulting of interest was more regular than the train service. The company, both physically and financially, was discredited. Many of its obligations toward the shipping public had been repudiated; it had no standing among bankers, no character among engineers, no friends among customers, no respect among competitors; contempt it found everywhere, countenance nowhere.

What makes the Santa Fe's experience so extraordinary is that within five years thereafter it had been lifted completely out of this railroad slough of despond, and the vane of its fortune responding to wholly new influences, the great road saw restored to itself all the prestige it had once enjoyed, based on an incomparably wider and deeper foundation than it had ever before rested. More singularly still, this unusual rehabilitation has been brought about entirely by the management of the road itself and not through its being absorbed by any strong banking house or big railroad magnate. The Santa Fe has not been "absorbed" by anybody. Even among independent railroads it stands with especial distinctness outside any combination or sphere of influence. There are independent roads in plenty that are still Morgan roads, or Kuhn-Loeb roads, or that take suggestions from some one of the half-dozen powers in the railroad world. The Santa Fe takes orders neither from bankers nor syndicates. It is a Western road run very strictly by its own official staff of young Western railroad merchants, and what makes its railroad story of especial interest is that it is in reality the story of a railroad man — Edward P. Ripley.

When Mr. Ripley, in 1896, took hold of the Santa Fe as its president he did so greatly against the advice of his friends. His own record was that of success, the road's that of failure; and for him to ally himself with an institution of so doubtful a name and record was a matter of concern to his well-wishers. He assured himself, however, of one thing to start with: a good corner to work from. Of all reorganizations after the panic of 1893 none was more drastic than that laid out for the Santa Fe. The fixed charges of the company were cut squarely in two, and in order to keep the sheriff for the future out of operating headquarters it was necessary for the company to earn only half as much as the old company had earned. Starting under Mr. Ripley's management on that basis, the road has never since left solid ground. It has earned not only its dollar of fixed charges but within the six years just passed has more than doubled its gross earnings; and while increasing its mileage in that time less than one-fourth it has increased its earnings per mile more than two-thirds.

Luck will hardly account for such a showing: gross earnings of $62,000,000 last year against $30,000,000 in 1897, and $7800 a mile against $4750 six years earlier. It has been done without spectacular display. In the Santa Fe management pyrotechnics have been wholly lacking. What, then, are the methods by which this road has been placed in so short a time in the very first rank of American railroads?

The Santa Fe has in its president a man who is by nature of a judicial temperament. He has the characteristics of a judge well poised, and had his fortunes inclined to the law, Mr. Ripley would have been eminent as a jurist. He is a man apparently unconscious of his strength. He is wholly unpretentious, yet in the struggles that Western roads have of late years made for better railroad practice he has always been foremost, and that notwithstanding the fact that the taking of advanced ground has at times been to the disadvantage temporarily of the Santa Fe. Indeed, what the railroads of the whole country owe to the fight this man and his like have made for proper methods and good practice among Western railroads it is difficult to estimate. Without the effort to this end in which the best Western men have stood firmly together, the transportation business of the country to-day would be in a condition more deplorable than that of the securities market.

The head of the Santa Fe in this way has commanded both the respect of railroad men and the confidence of his associates. He has stood among competitors as prudent and dependable, and his straightforwardness has won the loyalty of his subordinates. Though incurring at times the displeasure of autocratic shippers who, desirous of buying transportation in large blocks, have found that Ripley was opposed to preferential rates and rebates, he has in the end forced even them to recognize the justice of his position.

Put such a man at the head of an army of 30,000 men and he becomes a figure in the railroad world; and with this glimpse at his character an understanding may be had of how it comes about that an American railroad to-day, merely by the application to its management of sound business principles, may attain the most enviable success.

Railroad combinations, it is true, within five years have done more to centralize control than had been done previously in two generations, yet the fact must not be lost sight of that, with practically all done in this direction that can be done until a new generation of railroad men and wholly new powers in finance arise, competition still exists everywhere. At the beginning of 1904 every railroad point in the United States is a competitive point.

The Santa Fe makes its headquarters in Chicago. In railroad control, indeed, Chicago may be called the continental divide. Many roads run into Chicago but practically none run through it; it is a case of change cars for everybody. In Chicago, therefore, railroad activity is to be looked for, and there it is found. The position of the city, unique in several ways in the railroad world, makes it a point at which in railway matters steam is always "up." In Chicago may be found the operating and the traffic officers of the most powerful railroads in the country. There are in Chicago half a dozen private offices where one may find maps that pieced together would make a very respectable supply of railroads for the United States if all other roads were done wholly away with; and these maps, drawn on unusual scale and

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers by Mr. Spearman descriptive and explanatory of the larger strategy of the great railways. The next will appear in an early number.

A COLORADO PASSENGER TERMINAL
(COLORADO SPRINGS)

PHOTO. BY TABER, SAN FRANCISCO

UNION PASSENGER TERMINAL, SAN FRANCISCO — LOOKING TOWARD THE BAY precise as the field plans of an army corps, represent only the lines controlled by the half-dozen officials for whose use they have been made.

As to the West, all of its railroad destinies are shaped in these Chicago offices. In Chicago one man sitting at his desk makes a rate with his pencil from his Chicago terminals over his own rails to his terminals in San Francisco — but by no other man in the United States can this be done. The five men who in authority that is absolute are traffic directors of two-thirds of the United States may be found almost every day within a few moments' walk of each other in Chicago.

Showing as it does in this way the rather startling possibilities of the day in railroad control, Chicago is likewise the place to look for some of the impossibilities, for above all other railroad terminal points it exemplifies them. It is the very head centre of the independent road of 1904. In Chicago one is brought to realize that the forging of new links in railroad chains is a good thing for the country just as long as it is good business for the men that attempt it — and no longer. Chicago, too, forces in the end the conviction that the situation is so much bigger than any one man — that the country develops so much faster than any one man in it, even a fabled Rockefeller, that a monopoly of railroad control, so far as immediate generations are concerned, is the spectre of a dream.

Different Theories of Management

THE widest possible difference in theories of railroad management exist side by side in Chicago. One great operator looks first and always to a particular feature of his reports: the expense account. Another operator, equally powerful and equally able, holds that a low expense account does not necessarily make for the quickest development of his territory and not, therefore, for the best interests of his road. The first, acting on his theories of management, holds the car of wheat of his farmer on the siding until he can include it in a freight train heavy enough for the full capacity of the locomotive assigned to pull it. The other operator holds that the farmer's grain must be marketed at once. He maintains that he cannot afford to leave wheat on the sidings or in the yards till he gets the maximum tonnage for an engine. Move the grain: time is money. The farmer's capital is tied up, the argument runs; release it promptly and begin over again. It will cost more for the train-mile but not enough to warrant holding back the movement; the American way is to look for quick returns and more business. Apply these ideas to the whole field of railway management, and the germs of quite different philosophies are seen. A larger expense account may not necessarily mean a loss: it may stand for a stimulation of traffic that will develop more and stronger shippers and bigger dividends.

In Chicago those that like to see large railroads merged in control and well operated — and no road can be well operated without benefiting the territory it serves — may find them; and those observers who fear that against such combinations independent lines no longer have a chance for their existence may see them in Chicago absolutely the peers of the most powerful competitors.

This, then, is the atmosphere in which the Santa Fe thrives. Untrammeled by any connection that can swerve it to the right or to the left in railroad affairs, it maintains friendly relations with all of its neighbors and contracts entangling alliances with none. It is the one big, red apple still left on the railroad tree, hanging so high that thus far no magnate's pole has been able to reach it, although George Gould, J. J. Hill and E. H. Harriman have cast longing eyes in its direction. Surrounded by railroad groups and rumors of groups, the aloofness of the Santa Fe is as refreshing as an inspiration, and to the man looking for an example of an independent road ruddy with prosperity it is an oasis in the combination desert.

In the big national railroad game in which by reason of its size and strength it plays every day, the Santa Fe strategy is characterized by its blunt candor. There are roads that jealously hold up their cards, that assume a mysterious air and negotiate from behind a mask. The Santa Fe's tactics are as open as its strength. It throws down its cards frankly: Here is what we have; what have you? Business may be done with such a road if one talks concisely and to the point; but when it knows its own strength and has a pretty shrewd idea of all that is out against it, bluffing is futile.

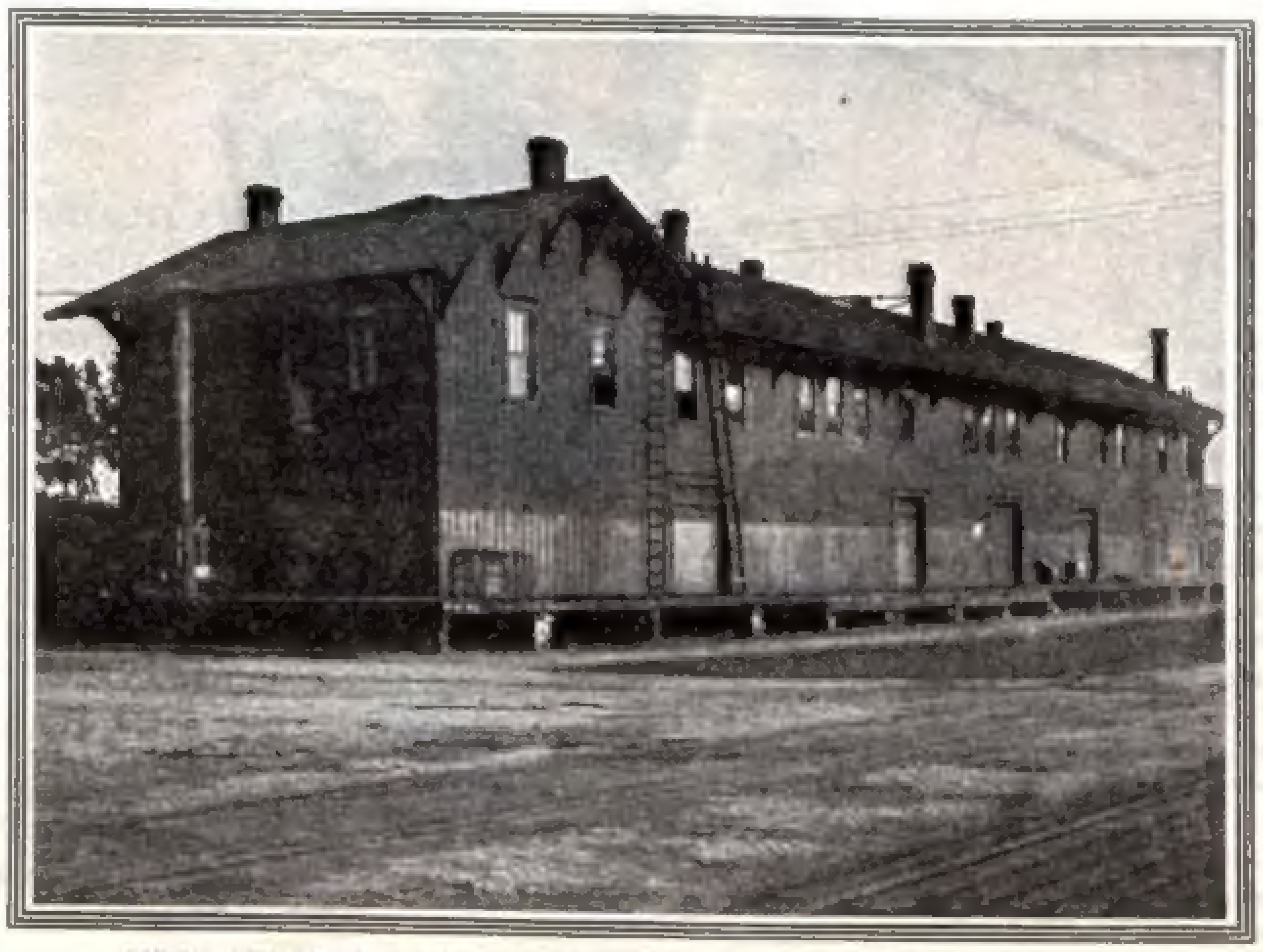
Management of such a sort will succeed outside a combination quite as well as within one. The Santa Fe men are young men in the sense that they are particularly alive, and they come from a good railroad school. In 1878 Mr. Ripley was general freight agent of the Burlington, and Paul Morton was a clerk in his office. Just why the Burlington has graduated so many more big railroad men than its natural share no one seems clearly to have determined. But Burlington men are as widely prominent throughout the United States in railway management as Ohio men are in fat offices. Notwithstanding the fact that the Burlington was some time ago absorbed by the Northern Pacific, the Burlington Howard Elliot appears already to have absorbed the Northern Pacific presidency. The New York Central and the Lake Shore roads are operated to-day by a Burlington man, William C. Brown, and two men from the Burlington manage very largely the destinies of the Santa Fe.

What the Santa Fe stands for that is unique among American roads is the present position and unusual length of its main line. No other road that owns a Chicago terminal can boast a straightaway line into San Francisco Bay.

Geographically, then, the road is of especial interest; but it stands also on the most debatable railroad ground in the country. Not only is its competition widely distributed but of a character the most intense and incalculable. The Santa Fe from Chicago strikes straight into the heart of the Gould lines territory. At the Missouri River it meets practically all comers — Hill's pet, the dangerous Burlington; Harriman's crack line, the superb Alton; the always powerful St. Paul and the new Rock Island; besides the liveliest of the Gould lines, the Wabash and the Missouri Pacific. The Santa Fe from Twelfth Street to Kansas City lies in a blaze of competition that would melt ordinary railroad abilities, and west of the Missouri River the map broadens into the Colorado territory. The St. Paul, then, has dropped out, the Wabash is out, the Alton is out, but Harriman is there with the great Union Pacific, and Chicago competition is again added by way of the keen and far-reaching Chicago and Northwestern. Hill remains with the Burlington, and the new Rock Island is there, as it is again on the Gulf of Mexico, where the Santa Fe must also lock horns with George Gould on his stamping-ground and with Harriman again in the Southern Pacific. This is surely business enough; but the Santa Fe, with a jump that leaves all but the very giants of the Western world behind, crossing the desert wastes and the continental divide, opens its freight-house doors on San Francisco Bay. Here the competition again takes on new features. It is not alone the powerful competition of its own territory — the Southern Pacific intrenched behind an unbroken monopoly of thirty years in its own stronghold — that must be reckoned with now — it is also Vancouver, Puget Sound and the Canadian roads competing for the traffic of the Orient. Thus the combinations that engage the Santa Fe management are as wide as the continent.

The Santa Fe Against the Field

WHAT the odds are against the Santa Fe may now be reckoned. It is practically the Santa Fe against the field. The first great move that Mr. Ripley made to give the Santa Fe absolute independence was properly to open his California outlet. He found the Santa Fe unable to land its freight in San Francisco save over a hostile connection, and he severed the cord that was strangling it by acquiring his own rails into Northern California. With his terminals thus firmly fixed at Chicago and San Francisco he has rested content in his own territory. Beyond the fight he has made for proper rate conditions and due recognition he cannot be said to have indulged in offensive measures. His energies and those of his staff are turned at all times in the direction of developing their local territory, and in this the success of the road has been almost phenomenal. In oil alone, which it uses everywhere in Western Arizona and California on its locomotives, the Santa Fe carries ten thousand cars of oil a year where formerly it carried none locally in California or Texas.



FIRST GENERAL OFFICES OF THE SANTA FE RAILROAD COMPANY AT TOPEKA, KANSAS

Though meeting in the most liberal way mine-owners and people interested in developing the Southwest, and adopting a policy of not charging locally more than the traffic will bear, the Santa Fe has been largely instrumental in preventing preferential rates to the owners of private line refrigerator cars and has eliminated them entirely from its own traffic problems; and this sturdy determination to put all shippers on a just and equal footing, to maintain open and even rates, is the note of Mr. Ripley's successful strategy. Like all men that achieve unusual success, the head of the Santa Fe is studied curiously by the world, eager to get at the secret of how such things have been done. When the facts are known the world stands surprised. Instead of a cabalistic formula for getting on the curious inquirer has found merely the simplest, oldest principles of doing business — common-sense in generous quantities, well grounded in common honesty.

The work of the Santa Fe to-day is that which must for fifty years to come absorb the attention of every Western road — the colonizing of local territory, the planting of a family where only a cactus grew before. To this end its people preach the gospel of irrigation and spend extraordinary sums in advertising the resources of the West.

Good Times for Western Farmers

THE steady growth made by it in mileage and in earnings throws a curious sidelight on one feature of American prosperity directly attributable to this pioneer work and one which within seven years has become so pronounced as to take on the proportions of a mystery. In the disastrous stock panic of 1903 the East, frightened at the bursting of its own prodigious bubble, looked for a national panic. London and the Continent shared the apprehensions of New York. But the panic did not materialize: Wall Street's poor relations, the Missouri and the Iowa farmer and the Kansas and the Nebraska homesteader, came to the rescue of the country with their blue jeans bursting with cash. Credit has been frankly accorded to the West for its aid, but Wall Street hardly understands yet where the money came from and that a portion of the glory is the due of the railroads.

In the early days the Western farmer, having no money to buy cattle or hogs, marketed his corn — frequently without its being even shelled. To-day he owns his own feed lots, his cattle and his hogs. Five carloads of corn feed one carload of steers and one of hogs. But the corn, if marketed instead of being fed, would pay a higher rate per car — owing to its greater weight — than an average car either of hogs or of cattle. Instead of paying freight on five carloads, then, as he paid ten years ago, he now pays freight on but two carloads — a reduction in freight charges of three-fifths. Moreover, at Kansas City, or some other Missouri River point, two cars of his steers are made into one car of dressed beef, and this is hauled to Chicago at about the same rate the carload of corn pays. Here, again, the amount paid for freight charges is cut in two, and the farmer indirectly benefits by it. As a result, the farmers are to-day getting thirty-five to forty cents for corn they used to sell at ten and fifteen cents a bushel to be cribbed. In addition to this it may be estimated that they realize at least fifty per cent. more for the corn they feed to stock. The situation, then, to-day is that the farmer, who at one time had to lose all but the producer's profit in raising corn, has added to his balance-sheet the manufacturer's profit of changing corn into pork and beef. Small wonder that he has an occasional surplus to lend in Wall Street; and his prosperity has been no slight factor in the remarkable showing of the Santa Fe.

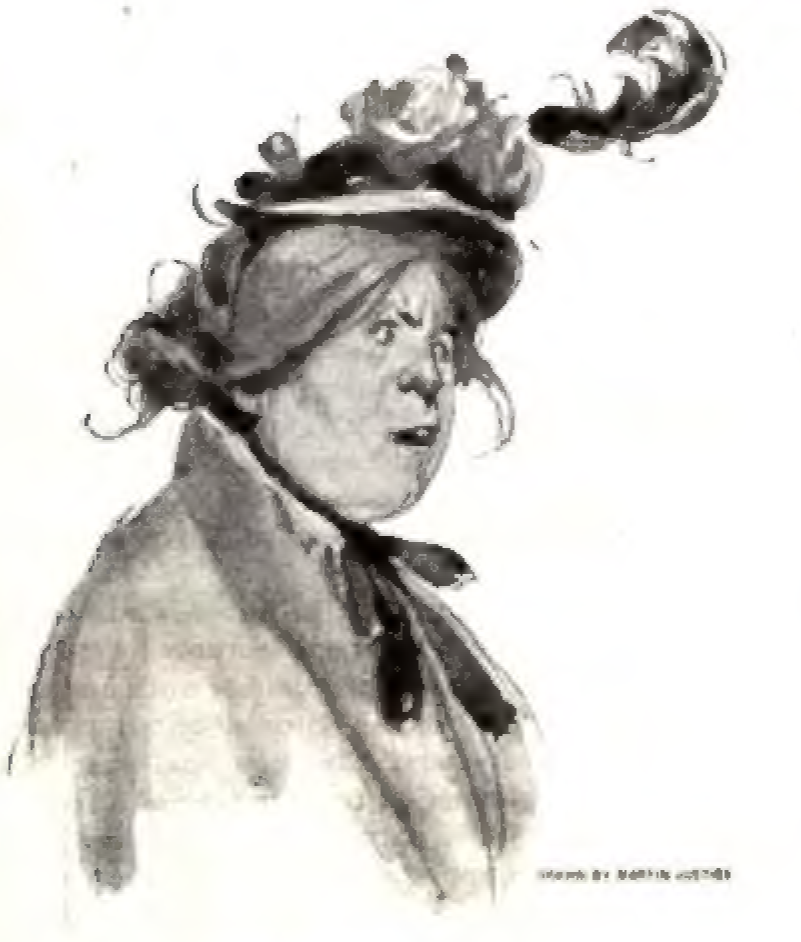
Standing as it does, directly out in the spotlight of the railroad stage and still absolutely unaffiliated, the great road engages in turn the interest of each of its powerful rivals. A combination of the highest strategical importance to it would lie in a tie-up with the Rock Island. The Santa Fe would, in that event, stand west of Albuquerque as an exclusive ally for the Moores to the Pacific Coast. Under such a combination an exchange of trackage east of Albuquerque to form the shortest possible line would result in an extraordinary shortening of the distance between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City and Los Angeles and San Francisco. It would even be possible for a contract to be entered into between the two companies as they now stand highly advantageous to both.

But more tremendous in consequence and of a nature that might mean the recasting of every American railroad plan existing to-day would be the absorption of this youngest of the Western transcontinental giants by the Pennsylvania lines. In such a move would lie possibilities calculated to keep the railroad world sleepless for long nights to come. If in retaliation for the invasion of its territory by the Gould lines, whose transits already bear on Baltimore, the Pennsylvania should buy the Santa Fe it would at a single step cross the Rockies and run its engines from ocean to ocean.

The Mournful Number

A Story with a Serpentine Moral

By Henry Wallace Phillips



"ME FACE IS ME FORCHUNE, SORR," SEZ SHE

"IT'S a great misfortune to be superstishyous," said Mr. Scraggs. "Such a thing would never have troubled me if I hadn't a-learnt from experience that facts carried out the idee. Now, you take that number thirteen. There's reason for believin' it's unlucky. One reason is, when things is all walkin' backward folks says they're at sixes and sevens. Well, six and seven makes thirteen, so there you are."

"I ain't much more than arrived," replied Red, rubbing his head dubiously.

"I'm comin' fast," said Charley; "but don't wait for me, Zeke."

"Well, that's only speculation, anyhow," continued Mr. Scraggs indulgently; "and speculation has made heaps of trouble for piles of people if I'm to believe what I read, which I don't. But here's cold facts. I was born on the thirteenth of April, at a time when me and the country was both younger than we are now. Hadn't been for that I'd dodged considerable mishaps. It was on the thirteenth of October last, in the early mornin', that I mistook that rattlesnake for a chunk of wood and heaved him in the stove."

"Well, where's the bad luck in that?" asked Charley.

"*In*quire of the snake," said Mr. Scraggs; "besides, he smelt awful. I don't seem to be able to bring back any mornin' I cared less for breakfast than that one. Suppose you was a happy rattlesnake, Charley, with a large and promisin' fambly; suppose, now, on a frosty thirteenth of October you crawled under the cook-stove to get warm the minute the camp cook opened the door, and, before you limbered up enough to bite him, cooky lays cold and unfeelin' hands upon you and jams you into the stove—ain't the number thirteen goin' to carry unpleasant recollections for you from that on? Bet your life. Howsomever, these are only small details. My main proof that the number thirteen ain't any better than it orter be lies in the fact that one day I married the thirteenth Mrs. Scraggs. If I'd never'd hearn of such a thing I'd know'd thirteen was no good from that time on. This ain't to cast reflections on the other Mrs. Scraggses, neither. I will say for them wimmen that anything simple-heartedness could do to prepare a man to meet his end cheerful they done. But Mehitabel the Thirteenth, of the reignin' family of Scraggs, was a genius. Uncle Peter Paisley uset to say that a genius was a person that could take a cork and a dryness of the throat, and with them simple ingrejents construct a case of jim-jams. More than one-quarter of the time Uncle Pete knew what he was talkin' about, too, and the rest of it he was too happy to care. Mehitabel was a sure-enough genius: she could make a domestic difficulty out of a shoestring, she could draw a fambly jar through a hole in a sock, and she could bring on civil war over the question of whether there was anything to quar'l about.

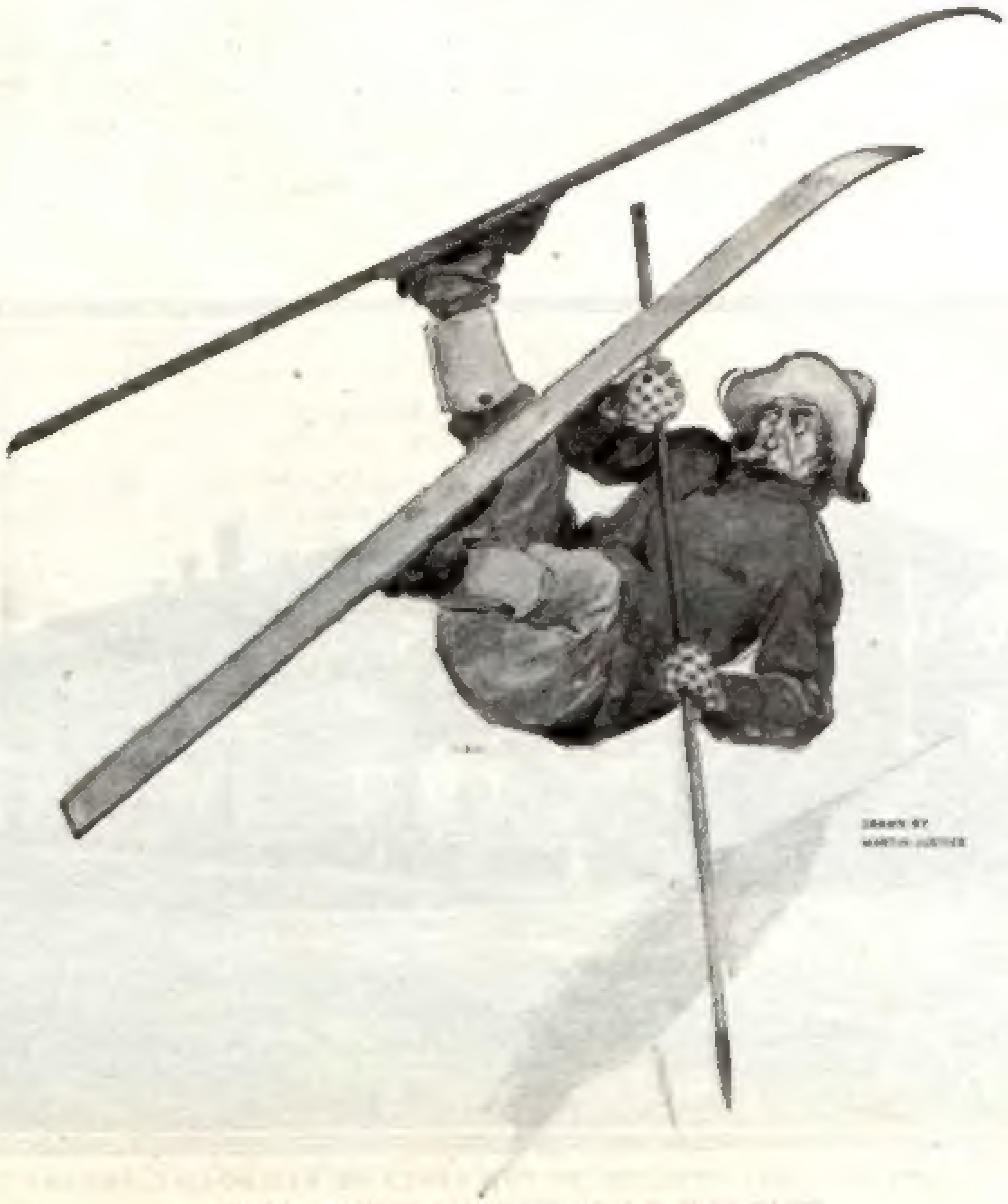
"Come Christmastime, I thought I'd leave home for a spell. There was an old friend of mine holdin' down a mine out in the hills. I knew he wouldn't have no company around, and I pined for solitude. There is a time in the affairs of men, as Shakespeare says, when a pair of cold feet beats any hands in the deck. Keno Jim said Shakespeare said so, and Shakespeare's too dead to argue.

"So I puts on a pair of them long, slidin' snowshoes they call 'skees' and slips for William Pemberton and the lonesome mountains. People don't call a thing 'skee' unless they hev good reason for it. Before I caught the hang of them durn disconnected bob-sleds I saw where the 'skee' come in. The feller that loaned 'em to me kindly explained that you slid down the hills on 'em, and it was great sport. When I clumb the first hill and stood perspirin' on top I felt entitled to a little sport. 'Hooray!' says I, and pushed loose. It was a long, wide, high hill with trees and things on it. Some time after I started, say about three seconds, I thought I'd like to slack a bit and view the scenery. The way I was travelin' the scenery looked like the spokes of a fly-wheel. I left my stummick and my immortal soul about ten rods behind me. You could play checkers on my coat-tail, as the sayin' is. Man! And I pushed up a hurricane. It cut my eyes so I cried icicles a foot long. *Roor-roor-roor-s-s-wish!* we went in the open, and *me-a-arr-r!* we ripped through the timber. I crossed a downed log unexpected and flew thirty foot in the air. Whilst aloft I see a creek dead ahead of me. There wasn't nothin' to do but jump when I come to it, so I jumped. I don't care a cuss whether you believe me or not, dear friends and brothers, but I want to tell you right now that I cleared the creek with something like one hundred and eighty feet to spare! At which I took to throwin' summersaults. I threw one solid quarter-mile of summersaults before that suddent cravin' was satisfied.

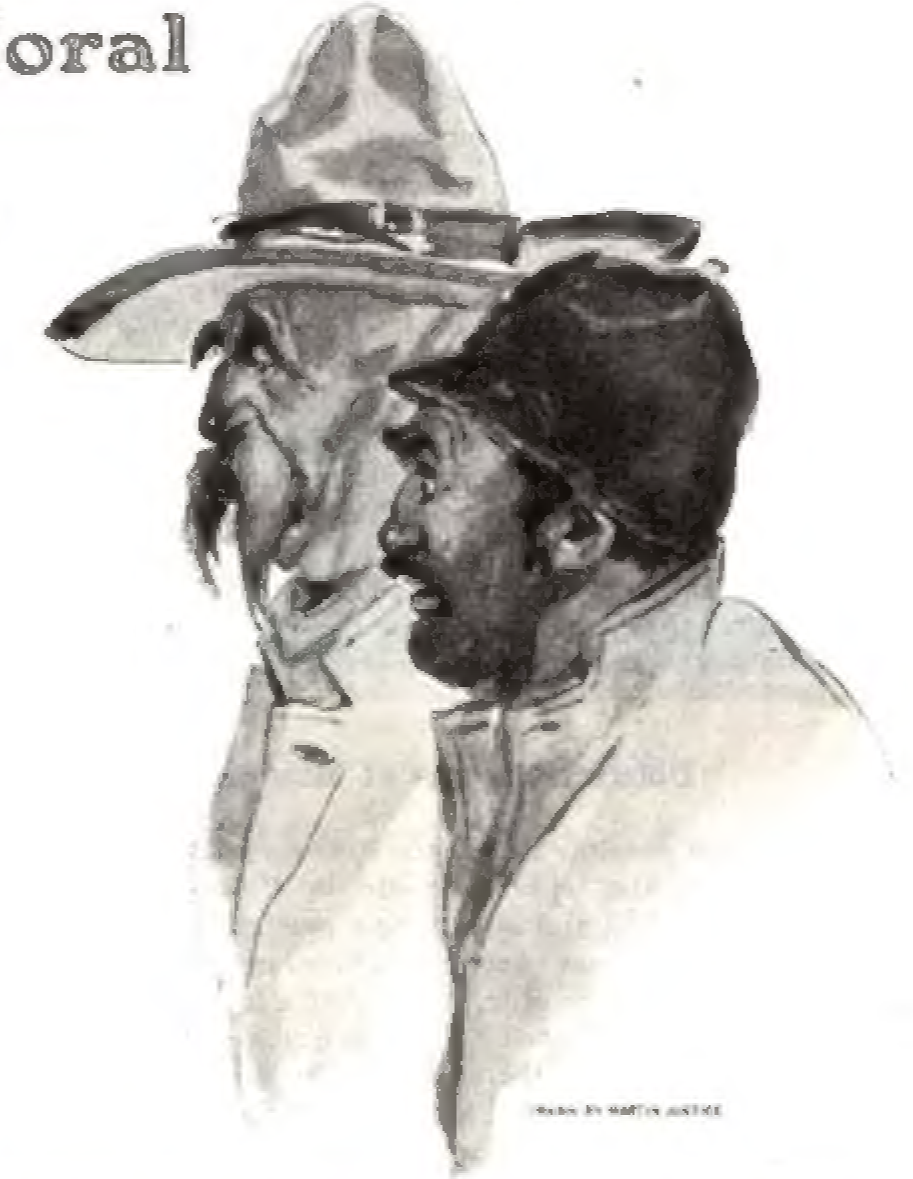
"'Y-a-as,' says I when I picked myself up. 'Well, I reckon I've done enough of this here skee-daddlin' for one mornin'.' So after that I went along quiet and dignified to William Pemberton's.

"I hit his cabin on Christmas Eve, findin' him very low-spirited. It seems that he was expectin' an attack from some people anxious to jump the claims, thereby gettin' the mill standin' on the property. The feller that hired Billy as watchman promised him everything and forgot it. Billy was almighty faithful but hot-tempered.

"'Think of it!' says he to me. 'I gets word two days ago that the gang is comin' to hop me, and old man Davis ain't even sent me a rifle, like he agreed. What does he expect? Does he have illusions that when they come squirtin' lead at me I'm goin' to peg at 'em with snowballs?'



THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' TO DO BUT JUMP



"TEK IT TO THE GRAVEL BANK AN' HAVE IT CASHED, THEN," SEZ HE

"Then he laid back, fightin' for breath, and kickin' out with his legs till I loosened his collar. It was a terrible strain, bein' watchman of a mill under them conditions, with a disposition like his. I pitched in to make him feel better. After I'd narrated some incidents that went to make up livin' with Mrs. Scraggs he chirped up considerable. 'Well, sir! This *is* a gay world, ain't it?' says he. 'I wisht I could offer you something to drown your sorrers in, Zeke, but unless you happen to have brought along the makings of a flowing bowl we can't put an end to 'em at this ranch.'

"Well, now, that *was* sorrerful tidin's. I reckon William took notice of my face—Christmas Eve, alone on top of a God-forsaken mountain and not a smell of anything to make the sun rise in our souls—oh, murder!

"'I feel awful bad about this, Zeke,' says he.

"'Don't mention it,' says I as soon's I could tune my pipes to a cheerful lie. 'Your presence is sufficient.'

"'But I have an idee,' says he, pushing his finger agin my ribs. 'Don't git excited, Zeke, only to be cast down the harder, but there's a chance. All last summer we had stockholders' investigation meetin's, and the way old man Davis led 'em to make investigations through a glass darkly was a sin and a scandal. The altytood was too altytoodinous for strangers, says old man Davis, and therefore they must take a drink; and it was too cold and too hot, too wet and too dry, and if everything else failed it was too cussed mejium for them to live through it without takin' a drink. The consequence was that all I remember about a stockholder is that he's a kind of man with wibbly-wabbly knees and feet that wants to swap sides, who spends his time hiccupin' up and down the mine trails, findin' specimens when and where old man Davis wills.'

"William Pemberton smote his forehead with the flat of his hand—everything took hold of William *so* vi'lent. 'I give you my word, Zeke,' says he, 'that them horse-car busters picked hunks of red serpentine, loaded with gold from the Texas Star, out of our white quartz ledges that never see gold since Adam played tag, and believed it was all right—just the same as the gent pulls a rabbit out of your hat at the show, and you're convinced that rabbit was there all the time unbeknownst to you. And to think——' he says.

"'Sit down, William, sit down,' says I. 'I don't know what to do for appleplexy.'

"'Well, I'll sit down to oblige you, Zeke; but to think of them flappy-footed yawps puttin' away good liquor by the pailful—pailful?' yells William scornful. 'Barrelful—steam-enjine b'ilerful——'

"'Well,' says I hastily, 'you was sayin' you had an idee?'

"'Oh, yes!' says he. 'It don't stand in reason they rounded up every last bottle, so it occurred to me that if we hunted we might make discoveries.'

"'Why, so we could!' I hollers loud and hearty, with more notion of creatin' a diversion, however, than any rank faith in my havin' a good time off what old man Davis overlooked. 'It'll be like hide-and-go-seek of a Christmas Eve when we was kids, William.'

"So we scrimmaged round here and there till there was only one closet in the cabin left.

"'I saved it till the last—it's the most likely,' says William. 'Shine a light on our departing hopes, Ezekiel.'

"He put his hand very careful toward the back. 'E. G. W.,' says he, 'my fingers have teched something cold and smooth, just like a bottle—pull hard, Ezekiel.'

"I took a long breath and pulled hard.

"'It *is* round,' says William Pemberton. 'It *is* a bottle.'

"Nothin' could be heard but the beatin' of our hearts.

"'Is it—is it—*heavy,* William?' I falters. Then you couldn't hear nothin', for our hearts had ceased to beat. He let loose of a roar same as a lion that's skipped atop of his prey. 'Ezekiel G. W. Scraggs!' he shrieks, 'she's full!'

"'I wish no better luck myself,' says I. 'Trot her out!'

"When the light of the lantern fell upon that bottle we got a shock. Instead of the cheerin' color that usually fills useful bottles, the contents of this here one was green—green as grass off a June hillside.

"'Well!' says William, 'what in—where in—why, it's perfumery!' he hollers, and raises it for a smash.

"'Hold, William! Hold!' says I. 'It's got red sealin'-wax on the top. If you break it before we take a sample you and me is the best of friends parted in the middle, not to mention the disturbance we'll make in this room.'

"So I took it away from him and looked at it in the candle-light. Sure enough, there was the inspirin' words on it, 'Liqueur—Crême de Menthe.' A furreign way of spellin' liquor, to be sure, but what's a letter or two out of the way, so long as the results is in sight?

"'William,' says I, 'L-i-q, lick, u-e-u-r, er—licker. Get glasses, William, and let us be joyful.'

"William mumbled somethin' about green not bein' a joyful color, but he went and did as I told him.

"That stuff smelt of peppermint, fearful. It was a young ladies' bevridge if ever I hit one. We sot opposite each other, filled a tumbler apiece, says, 'Here's how,' and waited. We waited quite some time.

"'Ezekiel, do you notice anythin'?' says William. Well, to tell the truth, I hadn't; yet it might only been fancy, so I says, 'Seems to me I *do,* William—nothin' vi'lent, nor musical, nor humorous—but a kind of a tranquil, preliminary, what-you-might-call-indication of somethin' to follow.'

"'Huh,' says William, 'let's try another.'

"We was careful to load to the brim this time. After five minutes I says, 'Are you *sure* you don't notice nothin', William?' I observed a risin' color in his face.

"'U-m-m—y-a-as,' says he most sarcastical, 'I notice somethin', Ezekiel—a strong smell of peppermint—not escaped you, perhaps? Well, there's just one more swig of green paint goin' to force itself into the midst of William Pemberton, and if there ain't more to show for it than the present odor and a sensation 'sif I'd been turned inside out and exposed to the wintry blasts you'll hear from me, Ezekiel. I've stood,' says William, 'about all I'm prepared to stand. The next act will be for me to proceed to get a move on.'

"Knowin' what a powerful disposition he had, I most sincerely hoped our next glass would bring about satisfactory conclusions. I downed her, but it had got to be all I could do. I felt a freezin' cold in my vitals, like William had complained of, instead of the warmth and comfort for which I looked. Y-a-as, I swallered that glass by main strength, like a snake would a hoptoad—kinder lengthened myself until I was outside of it.

"'Tick-tick-tick,' remarks William's clock on the wall. When it had arranged its hands before its mild countenance in such a way as to inform me that twenty minutes, mountain time, had done all the elapsin' possible, I slid my anxious gaze on William. He held to his chair with both hands, and white spots showed in his cheeks, the way he chawed his teeth together.

"'Ahem,' says I, clearin' my throat. 'Hum—ah, do you—er—do you no——'

"I got no farther. William leant over and bent his finger double agin my chest. 'Full well,' says he in a tone of v'ice not loud but so loaded with meanin' it bumped on his teeth—'full well, Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs, do I assimerlate what the results of such a course will be, but if you should persume to ast me any more if I notice anything I shall at once arise and bat you in the eye—I am beyond carin' for conserquences.'

"'Now, now, now! What *is* the use of gettin' so excited? Take a drink of water—you'll bust your b'iler, foamin' like that,' I says.

"'Water!' says William. 'Ha, ha, ha.' It wasn't no giggle, that laugh of his. It was one of them blood-curdlers you read about.

"'All right,' says he brisk, 'to oblige you—remember that.' He turned the dipper upside down, then heaved it through the window. 'Sufferin' Ike!' says he, 'I can't even taste it—nothin' but cold, cold. Went down my gullet like a buckshot down a ten-foot shaft.' He struggled for air and continued: 'Here am I,' says he, 'William Pemberton, celebratin' Christmas by dyeing my linin' green and smellin' like a recess in a country school.' His ventilation give out again, whilest he worked his face into knots and flew his hands around. 'You come along with me,' says he, 'and I'll show you a Christmas celebration.'

"I grabbed him. 'William,' I says, 'your eye is desperate. You explain to me before you scuff a foot.'

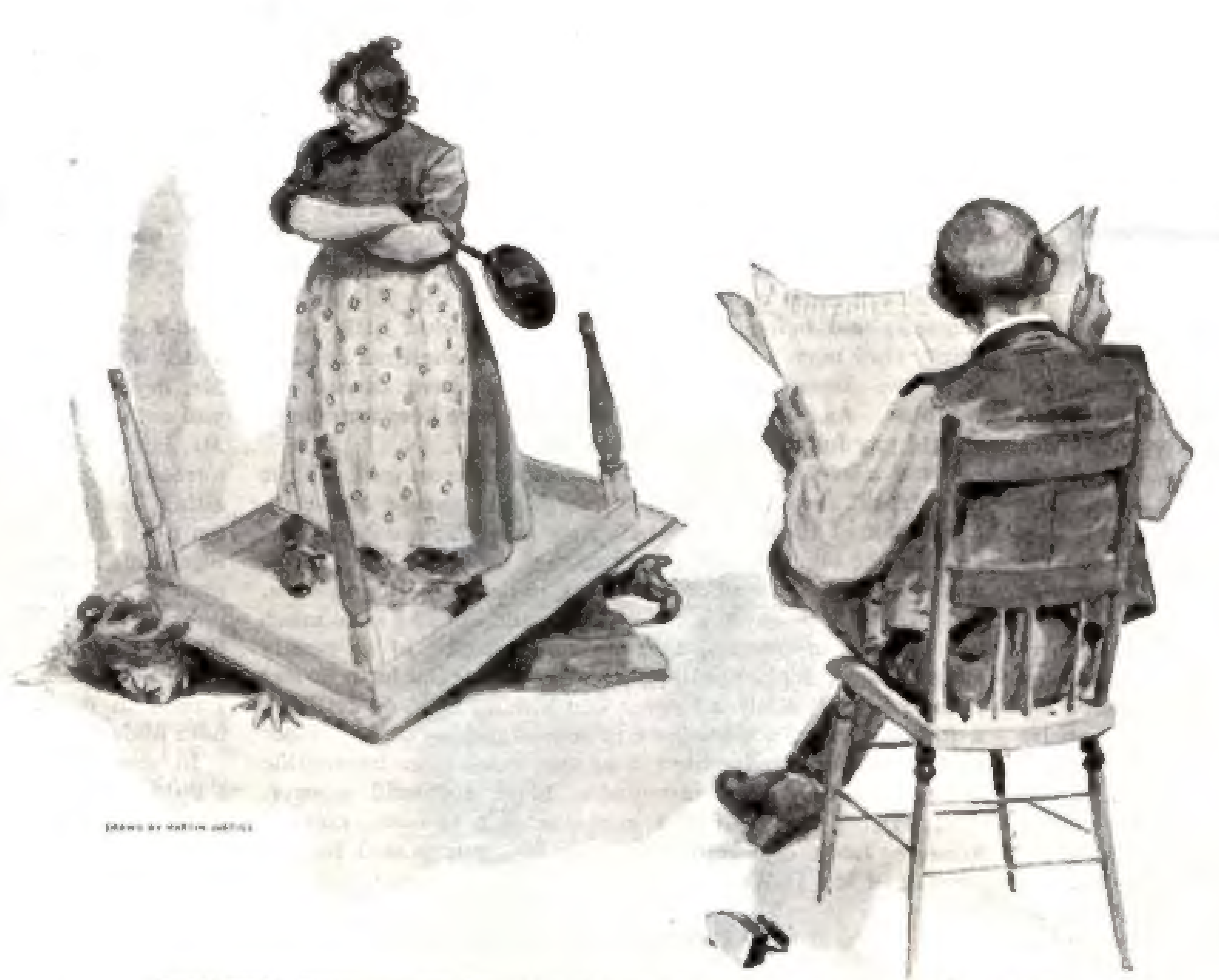
"'Leggo me,' he says; 'I tell you, leggo me, Zeke Scraggs. I'm goin' to have my revenge. I'm goin' to take ten cases of giant powder and blow the mill of Honorable John Lawson Davis, Member of Congress, Champion Double-Jointed, Ground-and-Lofty, Collar-and-Elbow, Skin and Liar, so high in the air that folks'll think there's a new comet, predictin' war and trouble.'

"'William,' I says, 'you ain't goin' to do no such thing—that's wicked, that is.' I *tried* to speak stern, but this here Christmas hadn't amounted to much so far, and I never had seen a stamp mill blew up, so I couldn't help wonderin' how it would look.

"'See here!' says he, 'I'll admit many a time you've licked me in a friendly way, Ezekiel, and I'm obliged to you; but, now, be you, or ben't you, my guest?'

"'I be,' says I.

"'Then don't let's hear no more out of you,' he says, 'but come along.'



"YOU WILL TALK TO MY OL' MAN LIKE THAT, WILL YOU?" SAYS BRIDGET

"'The powder'll be friz,' I hints, still tryin' to switch him off.

"'Not much,' says he. 'She's down a cellar twenty foot deep—come on.'

"'Just as you say, William,' I remarks—the only thing to do.

"So we toted ten cases of giant to the bottom of the mill, fixed the cap and fuse careful, touched her off, and walked away from there.

"Whilest I wouldn't have you think for a minute, dear friends and brothers, that I uphold any conduct like that, for my part I'm willin' to admit there's things less exhileratin' than standin' on a small rise, of a clear, fine, moonlight winter night, waitin' to see a fifty-stamp mill go off.

"And she went. Let me repeat it: she went. We first ketched a smack on the soles of our feet, and then that mill flew to a fiery finish. Jeehoopidderammity! It was simply gorgeous.

"We didn't have time to take it all in, howsomever, for after the first blast a big, black thing sailed over our heads with the fearfullest screech that ever scart a man to death.

"'Zeke,' says William, hangin' on to my neck, 'did I hear somethin', or is it that cussed green ink workin'?'

"'I *thought* I observed a sound,' says I; 'and whatever it was lit yonder. Let's go see.'

"William hadn't intended to go and see at all. In fact, I dragged him by the hair and belt the hull distance—not that I was exactly afraid, but nothin' is so lonesome when you have company.

"There was a hole in a snowbank where whatever it was went in. I started to paw down, but William was for bunchin' it.

"'I tell you, let it be and hump yourself out'n here,' says he. 'It's after me because I blew up the mill; it's the devil, that's what it is.'

"'Is it?' says I. 'Well, let's have a look at him. My veins is full of cream de menthy, and I'll knock his horns off'n him if he gives me any lip.'

"Just then the snowbank heaved up. It wasn't no devil—that is, not exactly. It was a lady. I'd a bet on it if I'd had time to think. I might have known there was no place on top of this footstool where E. G. W. Scraggs could rest his weary feet without some female happenin' in the same spot at the same time. I should have took William's advice, but it was now too late.

"We stood around kinder awk'ard, with her brushin' snow from herself, till I says, 'Well, good-evenin', ma'am.'

"First off she says good-evenin', too, out of surprise. Then she begun to talk altogether different. She described William and me by sections, goin' into particulars, and nobuddy'd loaned us money on her recommend. I was used to this at home, so I spoke up nice and silent in our defense. There ain't quite so much noise when only one is talkin'.

"Finally, when her breath give out, William says very humble, 'Would you mind informin' us, ma'am, how you come to be in these parts just now?'

"She explained fully that, in answer to an advertisement in the paper, she was slidin' over to Squaw Creek. The advertisement called for a wife for a farmer, to be forty years old, or thereabouts, able to cook, plow, do washing and light blacksmith's work, and to have a capital of five hundred dollars to invest in the concern.

"'An' now,' says she, beginnin' to weep, 'I'd camped in that mill, an' I was only for steppin' out to git a bit of a stick to cook me soopper, an' I was on me way back, when a-r-rur-BOOMP! it ses, an' where's the five hoondred dollars that I left there, I dunno? Agghh woosha-woosha the day, ye divils, ye! An' me hoopled t'rough the air like a ol' hat—bad cess to yer ugly faces! The cuss o' Crom'll lie heavy on ye for mistreatin' a poor, lone widdy woman!'

"'Well, ma'am,' says I, 'I wouldn't take the loss of the money to heart. When the gentleman sees your face he won't care.' Usually, you can kinder edge around the rough places with that game of talk. But it didn't go here.

"'Aggh, g'wan, ye bald-headed ol' peppermint losenger!' she hollers. 'D'ye s'pose I nivver see a lookin'-glass? Where's the man'll marry me widout me money? "Me face is me forchune, sorr," sez she. "Tek it to the gravel bank an' have it cashed, then," sez he. Where's the man that'll have me, face an' all, lackin' the coin? Woora, woora, answer me that!'

"Well, as usual, it was up to me. There wasn't no escapin' it. A man might just as well meet his fate smilin' as trailin' his lip on the ground, for my experiences teaches, dear friends and brothers, that Fate just naturally don't care a wooden-legged tinker's dam.

"'Madam,' says I, removin' my hat and bowin', 'the honorable name of Scraggs is at your disposal.'

"'Eh?' says she. 'What's that you're sayin'?'

"'I repeat, plainly and sadly, ma'am, that one-fourteenth of my heart and hands is at your disposal.'

"'Heh?' says she again. 'An' what's the one-fooorteeneth mane?'

"'I have now,' I replies, 'thirteen wives——' Before I could get another word out she was ra'rin'.

"'Oh!' she yells, 'ye villyan! Ye long-legged blaggard! Ye hairless ol' scoundrel of the world! How dast ye?' She begun lookin' around for a club, so I talked fast.

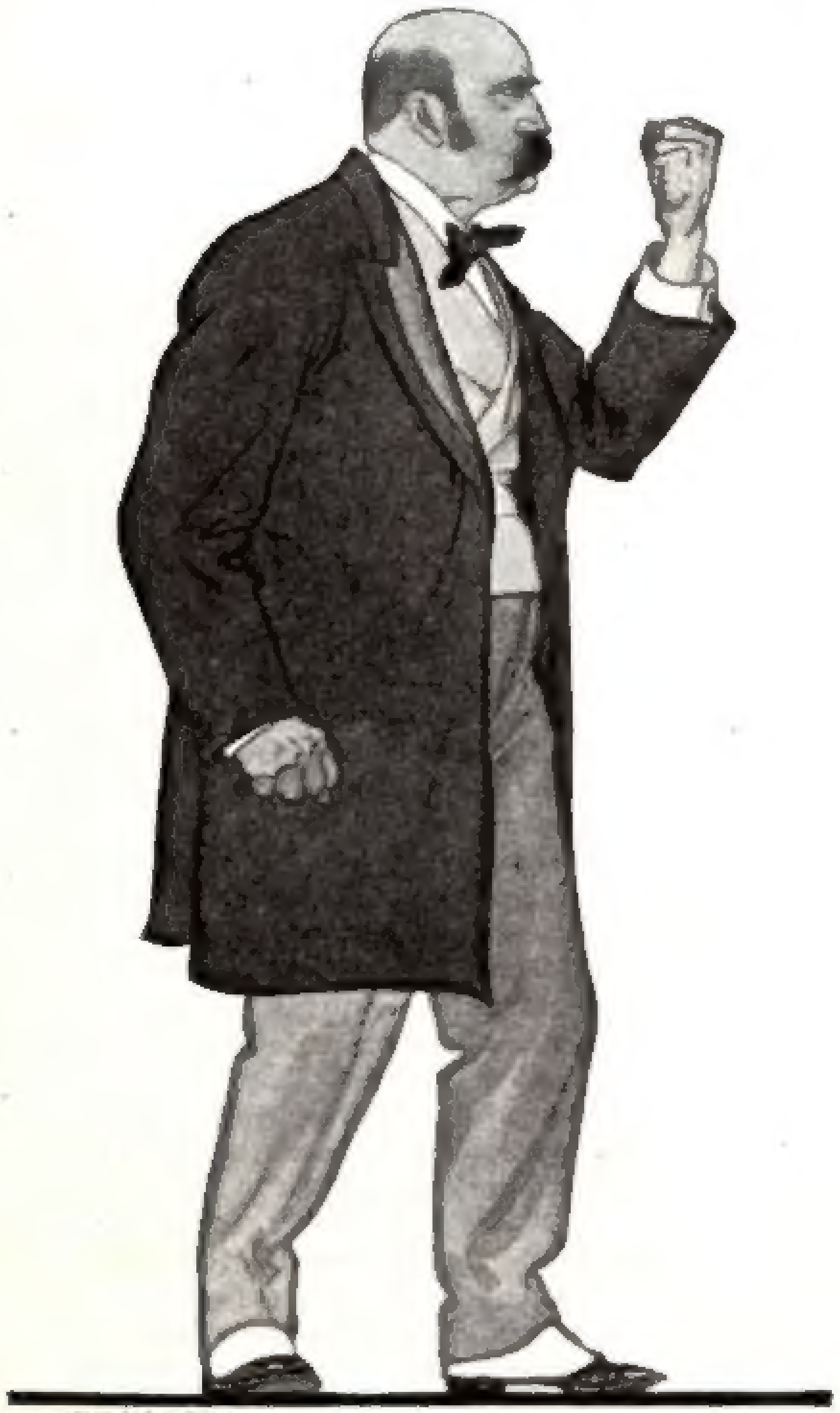
"'It's my religion, ma'am,' says I. 'I'm a Mormon by profession, mixed with accident. Think a minute before you do somethin' that'll cause general regret.'

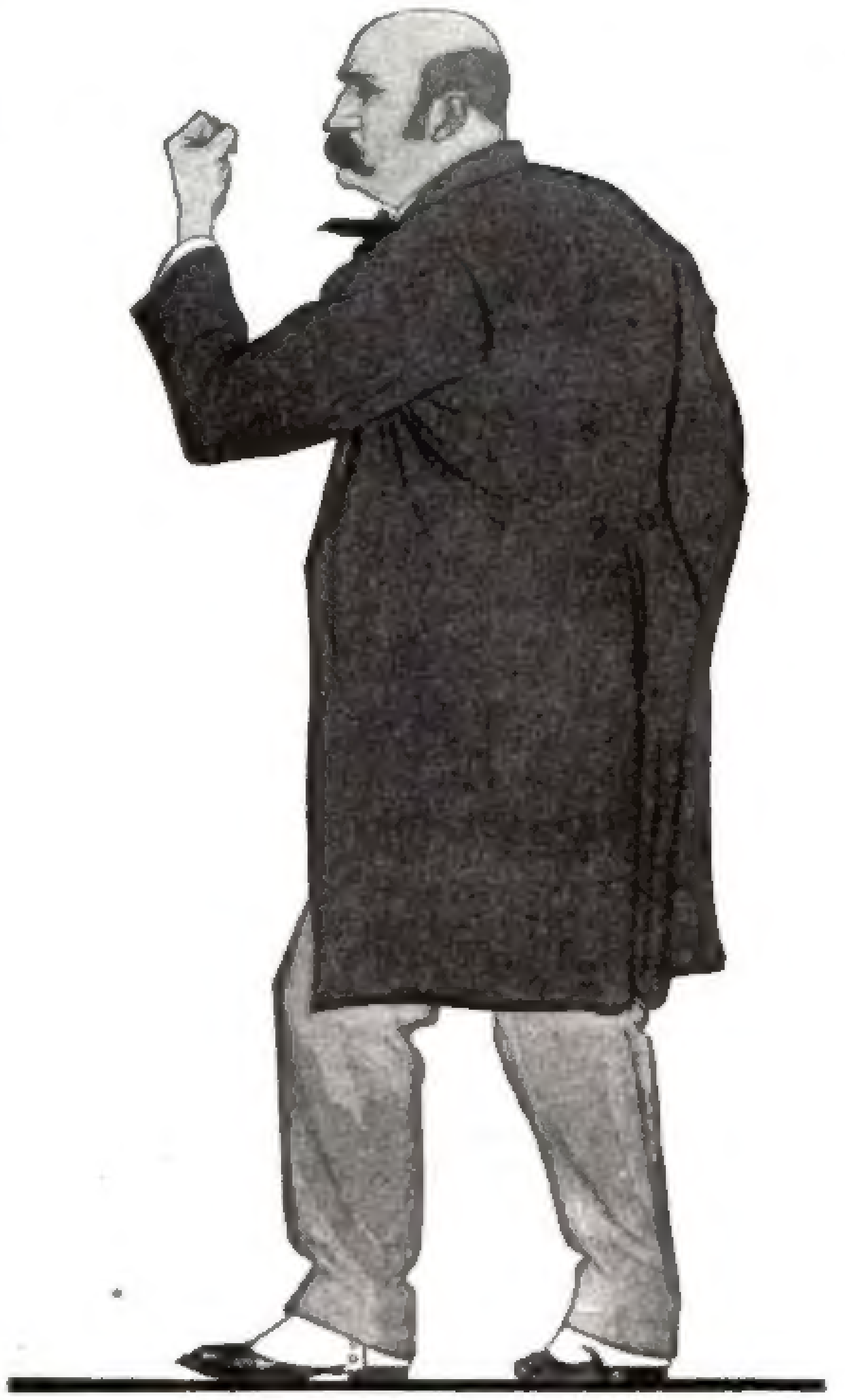
"'Well,' she says, calmin' down, 'is there e'er an Oirish leddy in the lot?'

(*Concluded on Page 22*)

The Important Unimportance of Mr. Hill—By Alfred Henry Lewis

A Chronicle of His Ambitions and a Reckoning of His Chances





WHEN the Democratic National Committeemen were the other day in Washington, fixing the convention for St. Louis and July, they were much whispered with by party men of House and Senate. The committeemen have departed, but the echoes of those low-tone conferences are still plainly audible to the dullest ear. The word brought by the committeemen that New York would be asked to furnish the Man and the Issue has been accepted by Democrats of Congress. There is none to deny this concession, if one except Mr. Gorman, and the Marylander denies only in his heart. His lips have framed no negative.

Being of one consenting mind anent New York, apprehensive curiosity now turns to what hopes the Democracy may thereon justly build. I myself have been asked by them this question of New York. They would come by some glint as to the size and the kind of those Hills, and Stanchfields, and Connorses, and Macks, and Campbells, and Danforths, up the State and without the walls of the city of New York, whom they have been led, through meeting their names in print, to look upon as architects of delegations.

Particularly they put the query of Mr. Hill. What will he want? What will he do? What power of harm lies hidden in the recluse of Wolfert's Roost? These be among the conundrums. Will he join Mr. Bryan?

It might have mention that our Washington Democrats attach each day a slighter importance to the silver antics of Mr. Bryan. His attitude and the narrow reason of it were foreseen, and, as folk say in Wall street, had been discounted. They look upon Mr. Bryan as one who blows in the ashes to fill no eyes but his own.

Still more alarming, they laugh at Mr. Bryan. I say "alarming," because a leadership laughed at is a leadership lost. Mr. Bryan has violated the first demand of leadership—which is to be sure you're followed. Once in Kansas City I beheld a band of music proceeding down Main Street. At its resounding fore strutted a brave, portentous creature ablaze with color and gold braid. He wore a towering bearskin, and ever and anon tossed or twirled a baton. This staff-tossing personage of bearskins and gold braid was a spectacle of gravity, one had almost said of power. His leadership of those tooting, drum-rumbling Germans who followed him was something to impress. One might observe as much in the serious glance of the public as it lined the curb.

Pride goeth before a fall. There befell a disastrous moment; in an instant all was changed. The gilded one kept on down Main Street, while behind him the band proper, remembering a route which our vainglorious drum-major had forgotten, wheeled west up Fourth.

It was a fall from high to low. From the thing sublime our braided-gold one turned to be the thing ridiculous. The public gave up its gravity; that impression of leadership was swept aside. The braided one was laughed at, and grew to be the common jeer as he ignominiously raced to recover his lost ascendency. Then it was I saw how a leader does not make a following but is made by one.

An Age of Anthills and Chipmunk Politics

SPEAKING of New York, it should be known to those curious ones of Congress that the Democracy of the State—it stands equally true of town and country—is a hopeless prey to chipmunk politics. It is the age of anthills. The Burrs and the Livingstons, the Clintons and the Marcies have left the stage. They have been succeeded by the Danforths and the Campbells, the McClellans and the Murphys. If the Bertillon system of measurements were applied to the Democracy of New York, Mr. McCarren among managers or Mr. Parker among candidates might be found to have the length and breadth and thickness of a man. The others are rabbits, or, if not rabbits, weasels, with nothing so big as a coyote to yelp on any party hill.

Yes; besides Mr. Parker there will come Presidential candidates galore. The situation will engender them like flies. One has already heard of Mr. McClellan. One cannot give a White House nomination to a State, and do it six months prior to a convention, without candidates protruding their heads from every crevice. Of course, these tiny folk will be refused; and being refused they will do what little party injury they may. When that time comes I shall not condole with the Democracy. The party will have earned its troubles. As some wise man said: He who keeps monkeys should pay for the glasses they break.

From a recount of what midgets, for a most part, fill the New York Democratic stage, one should except Mr. Hill. He is not of these, while being no more formidable. Mr. Hill is big enough and strong enough to be a killing force, were one able to set all of him going in one direction at once. But Mr. Hill is in such balance pro and con, he is so much the engine on centres, that he comes to be of as scanty moment to push or to pull, politically, as any Danforth or any Campbell. Mr. Hill is forever in a kind of head-on collision with himself. If I were back in school and my old professor should again ask what would be the result if an irresistible force encountered an immovable body I should answer, "Mr. Hill." If one could conceive of a tie-vote, clad in trousers, frock coat and stove-pipe hat, one would have a portrait of Mr. Hill.

The Human Boomerang of Wolfert's Roost

MR. HILL'S mood is the mood of perennial dissatisfaction. He was born to a heritage of unrest. He suffers from a sickness of the ideal. He has been in politics for a third of a century, and it is as though a hen had been on a hot griddle for a third of a century. He is never content, never at ease; his promised land is never where he dwells. Old Rogers said of Tom Moore that he would dine one place wishing he had dined some other place, with an opera ticket in his pocket which made him wish he hadn't dined at all. The gray poet's characterization of the Irish song-writer would fit the recluse of Wolfert's Roost.

Mr. Hill has no sense of humor. Or, if he owns one, it is as cold and as late and as pinched as a winter morning. He is in perpetual self-contradiction. It is as though a boomerang thought itself a spear. He never hits what he's aimed at, but always comes fluttering back to rap his own best interests on the head. An idolator in politics, he is his own idol, and kneels ever at the shrine of self. Mr. Bryan is of the same faith. But there is a difference. Mr. Hill is a fanatic; Mr. Bryan does not go that far. Mr. Bryan makes a cult of Mr. Bryan; but were he to lose faith in Mr. Bryan he would not burn himself at the stake. Under such infidel circumstances Mr. Hill would bitterly order his own *auto da fé* and pile the fagots high. Deny Mr. Bryan to Mr. Bryan as a deity of party, and he will read you out of the fold with bell and book and candle. Deny Mr. Hill to Mr. Hill, and he will attack you with the blind, unreasoning fury of a holy war. Whatever help you give either, he thinks it his due, and no more thanks you than a bank thanks you when you bring in that sweat-bought interest. For all that, Mr. Hill is a more engaging figure than is Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan is a politician, Mr. Hill is merely Mr. Hill. Mr. Bryan poses, Mr. Hill does not. Both are actors, but of different schools. Mr. Hill is on the stage what he is off; Mr. Bryan is off the stage what he is on. Lamb, in one of his essays, hubbubs over the gulf which here finds phrasing.

In considering Mr. Bryan's present preachments one should not forget that Mr. Bryan did not give silver to the party. The party gave silver to him. Mr. Bryan in Congress was never your berserk of silver. He was for silver what one hundred others were for silver. In those days Mr. Bryan's forensic uproar was confined to tariff. Mr. Bryan's rampant championship of silver did not begin until after he was named for a Presidency. The convention gave him a key of silver and bade him therewith unlock a White House door. His silver fury is but eight years old.

It is Mr. Bryan's natural thought to bend willow-like to the popular breeze. The obdurate Mr. Hill stands stiffly until broken. Wherefore Mr. Bryan has had success beyond and over Mr. Hill. Mr. Bryan has been given two nominations for a Presidency. Nor was it his personal fault, rather it was the party's, that he failed of an election. Mr. Hill has had no nomination. And for sixteen years he has moiled and toiled and wrought for it, and cherished as hot a Presidential fever in his heart as ever burned in Mr. Bryan's.

Mr. Hill, for all he deifies himself, is finite and of the earth. He has ideas, swarms with them, as bright and glancing as a shower of sparks. But there goes no permanent enlightenment with a shower of sparks. It blinds but it does not illuminate. Mr. Hill is a prosecuting attorney in politics; he is forever indicting somebody. Mr. Hill's mind is harsh, his mental fibre coarse, his disposition desperate. He is ready to fight, ready to despair. He is agreeable to no one. Mr. Hill could no more pursue politics agreeably than powder could explode agreeably. When Mr. Hill unites himself with anybody there is confusion. When they understand

---

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of papers by Mr. Lewis on national aspects of Washington politics.

each other there is separation. I have called Mr. Hill a recluse; that was a mistake. A hermit makes himself, it is the people who make an exile.

Mr. Hill is an exile.

It may be said of Mr. Bryan that he learns from experience. Mr. Hill never does. In coal mines along the low roofed inky levels, little coal cars are hauled along by mules. A horse cannot be employed for the work. Should your horse toss his head and bump it against the granite roof of the tunnel he will instantly toss it and bump it again. He will stand tossing and bumping until he bumps out his brains. The sapient mule makes but the one toss and receives but the one bump. He goes with head judiciously lowered after that. Mr. Bryan never tosses his head where there isn't proud room for the gesture. It is precisely that low-raftered condition, where nothing but a stunning thump awaits him, that Mr. Hill selects for his tallest and most persistent head-tossing.

Mr. Hill's career would promise nothing, on his part, of political wisdom or a sustained strength. Mr. Hill, Lieutenant Governor, became Governor when Mr. Cleveland left Albany for a Presidency. Mr. Hill was elected Governor to succeed himself before the public knew who he was. When it became acquainted with Mr. Hill the public beat him like a carpet. Mr. Hill was chosen by the Albany Legislature for the United States Senate. In these elevations Mr. Hill owed much to Mr. Croker.

Mr. Hill, being exalted, fell into the error of despising Mr. Croker. Mr. Bryan would not have made that blunder. Mr. Croker lacked in book education; he could read no Latin, understand no Greek. Mr. Hill should have remembered that one is not examined in Greek roots, nor is it required that he read Ovid or Horace, before he rules Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker knew every hill and vale and stream of New York politics; he knew every trail and every crossing; he knew every tree in the party woods by feel of bark; he could locate himself, and could tell you where you were, at darkest midnight.

To say nothing of the ingratitude, it was the worst of grievous errors to contemn Mr. Croker. Mr. Croker, aroused, destroyed Mr. Hill.

Stephen Crane's Idyl

IT CHANCED about nine years ago that the general passenger agent of a certain railroad leading out of New York hit upon the plan of getting a short story to open his regular summer advertising pamphlet. His idea was to procure a railroad story, with subdued but seductive references to his line and the many summer resorts situated thereon, but it must be a good little story, nevertheless. While casting about for an author he happened to remember having met Irving Bacheller at the Lanthorn Club.

At this time the coming author of Eben Holden was at the head of a newspaper syndicate, one of those ingenious institutions which buys literary material from authors and retails it to the daily papers. The railroad man was not long in reaching Mr. Bacheller's office. Here he explained what he wanted and asked Mr. Bacheller if he could not recommend some "author of talent and recognized standing" from whom a story might be procured. Mr. Bacheller rocked gently in his porch-chair before his desk and let his eyelids droop a shade lower.

"Yes, I can recommend you to a young man who can do a story for you, and do it well. He is not widely known as yet, but, mark my words, he soon will be—he soon will be. You will get from him something great. I congratulate you. Write to Mr. Stephen Crane, and he will fit you out." The railroad man expressed his thanks and hurried away, just a little dizzy from watching the motion of the rocking chair.

Back at his own office, where the advent of one of the satellites of Jupiter would have produced less consternation than a rocking-chair, he indited a letter to Mr. Crane. In it, after stating his desires, he added a few words of explanation that no mistakes might occur. "What we want," his letter ran, "is a quiet, pleasant little railroad story incidentally illustrating the many attractions of our line, its speed, convenience, accessibility, and especially its safety. The idea is so to impress the advantages of our road upon the reader that he or she will decide to travel on it in the future to the exclusion of competing lines." A prompt reply was received from Crane saying that he would undertake the job.

The agent waited a week, and not receiving the manuscript wrote again. Another immediate reply from Crane with the promise that he would without delay begin the task. Another week, and this exchange of courtesies was repeated. This was kept up for a month, when, the last hour having come, the passenger agent telegraphed Crane, adding, "answer, my expense." During the next twelve hours he received five dispatches from Crane reporting progress on the story. Two days of silence; then, late in the afternoon, the outer guardian of the railroad office came in with the manuscript and said a young man in a great hurry had left it. The agent glanced at the last page to see how long it was, noticed that the ink was wet, and blotted it, ascribing its condition to atmospheric causes. The fact was that Crane had finished the story with a fountain pen while coming down on the elevated train.

The railroad man shut himself up in his office and to this day no one knows just what took place in that closed room. But at the end of twenty minutes the G. P. A. came out, a hunted look on his face. At the telephone he called up the printers and was heard to direct that they go ahead with the summer book—there would be no story; they might fill up with time-tables or anything handy.

After he had gone his stenographer went into his room. He found his chief's desk open and his chair overturned backward, as if its occupant had risen somewhat hastily. In one corner of the room was half of a thick manuscript rent from top to bottom. Under the desk the clerk found the other half. Out of curiosity he fitted the sheets together and read the story. The scene was on the line of the Q. E. D. road, according to orders. It began gently and with fitting references to scenery and service, as per instructions. Then the author had forgotten. There was a head-on collision between two trains. All of the passengers, with a few exceptions, were killed. Most of the trainmen shared their fate. Another train on a crossroad ran into the wreck. Boilers blew up; fire lent its aid. The explosions and flames were nothing, however, compared with the red, red language of the survivors and rescuers. Even the stenographer when he finished was pale, and his hand trembled. The story was a furious overture to the yet to-come Red Badge of Courage.

The Singular Miss Smith

By Florence Morse Kingsley

CHAPTER I

ANNIE SMITH was poking gingerly at the range in the kitchen of the De Puyster-Jones residence at six-thirty the following morning when a brisk masculine foot on the floor apprised her of the approach of Mr. de Puyster-Jones.

"Good-morning," quoth Mr. Jones good-naturedly. "What's your name? Mary—Bridget—Julia—blamed if I can keep track of 'em. Guess you'd better let me show you about that range. I've got to have my breakfast and be off inside of an hour. Mrs. Jones says she'll stop in bed this morning. She's kind of played out, I guess. You take her up something after I'm gone, will you? There, I guess that fire'll go now. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, girl—boil me a couple of eggs, make some coffee and set the cold ham on the table."

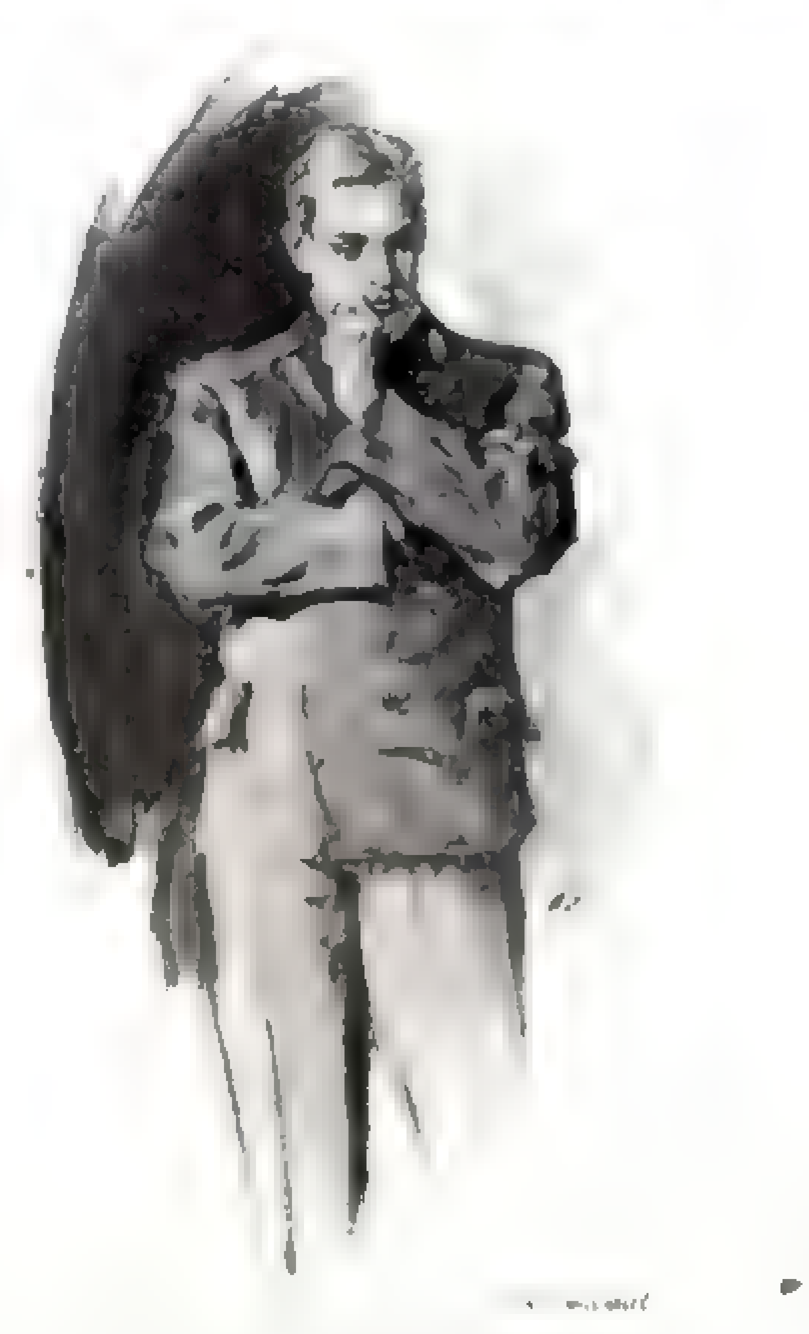
Annie Smith had already, as stated, confessed her inexperience, but something or other in her past stood her in stead in the present crisis. The eggs and coffee were forthcoming in a surprisingly short space of time; so was a plate of crisp toast. The girl felt pleasantly flushed with triumph, and Mr. de Puyster-Jones stared in amazement when he sat down to the neatly-laid table. "By George," he exclaimed exuberantly when he ran up to kiss his languid wife. "I guess you've struck it rich on your girl this time, Carrie."

"What do you mean, Algy?" inquired Mrs. Jones sleepily. "Did the creature get you a decent breakfast? Dear, dear, I do hope she will see that the children start for school in time. Tell her to call them when you go down, Algy, and to see that they get up. Oh, yes, and tell her she must braid Miss Ethel's hair—be sure you say *Miss* Ethel, and tell her to see that Master Algernon has clean hands and that his hair is brushed behind. I'm going to sleep the whole morning if I can."

"Pretty rough on the girl," ejaculated Mr. Jones with a puzzled expression on his round, good-humored face as he swung himself aboard his car. "Blamed if I could manage the office that way."

The general housework horizon still continued to enlarge around the astonished Annie Smith. Miss Ethel Jones, a pallid, undersized child with sharp, inquiring eyes, added several important items to her fund of information during the process of her toilet. "Mamma most always stays in bed mornings when we have a girl," she remarked. "You're to take up her breakfast after we go, and mind you have the coffee hot. Are you going to wash to-day?"

"Wash?" echoed Annie Smith. "Wash what?"



"YES, THAT'S IT; SORT OF CUT DOWN A TRIFLE, DON'T YOU KNOW"

"Why, wash clothes, stupid. I haven't had a clean apron in two weeks. That horrid Mary didn't do the washing last week. You'd better go at it I should think, or you'll never get done; the hamper is just stuffed. I like the way you do my hair; you haven't pulled once, but it's taken an awful long time to do it that way. Now you've got to hurry up with our breakfast; we want chocolate and toast and ham and strawberry jam. I know where the jam is; but don't you eat any of it, mind. And you're not to drink the milk, either. We want the milk for luncheon. That nasty Bridget we had before Mary came used to drink most every drop of it. I guess you're different. You look so. I hope you'll stay. And say, don't you be scared of mamma; she won't care what you do, after a week. She always acts as if she was awfully strict at first. She says she has to break in a new girl carefully, but after that she won't bother if you get decent things to eat. You'll see."

The second breakfast over, a hurried scramble after books, mittens, caps and rubbers ensued, in the course of which Miss Ethel, who had previously burned her mouth with a hurried gulp of hot chocolate, boxed her small brother's ears with a practiced hand. Whereupon the rotund fac-simile of Mr. de Puyster-Jones hurled himself upon his sister with screams of rage which brought a disheveled figure to the top of the stairs. "Ethel! Nonny! You naughty children, what *are* you doing? If you don't be quiet I shall come right down stairs and punish you both severely! *Can't* you make them stop, Annie? What in the world are you thinking of to allow them to make such a noise? It's enough to drive one frantic. It does seem to me I can never get a moment's rest."

The children had desisted from active warfare and were staring at each other truculently. "Get your things right on this minute," commanded their mother. "If you'll be good children and go right to school I'll give you each something nice when you come home."

"What—*candy?*" shouted the two in unison. "We want it now!"

"I won't go to school unless you give me some candy, mamma," added Ethel positively.

"'N I won't, either," echoed the boy, jumping up and down with a loud thumping sound. "Where is it, mamma? Where's the candy?"

"Dear, dear!" complained Mrs. Jones. "I can't stand here all day in the cold talking; I shall take my death. I *do* wish you would be quiet and behave for once in your lives. Children *are* such nuisances. Annie!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here, take this nickel and run over to the grocery and get five cents' worth of peppermints and divide them between the children. Now do go on, children. You're late. I shouldn't wonder if your teacher would scold—Annie!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hurry back as quick as you can and make me some fresh coffee. I'm positively faint with exhaustion; I haven't had a moment of rest yet. And—Annie!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I guess you'd better see if we're out of cut sugar; I don't believe there's a bit for my coffee. The children eat it up so, I can't keep it in the house. Get three pounds and charge it—Annie!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"*Hurry*, will you!"

When Annie Smith toiled upstairs, half an hour later, bearing a breakfast tray, her mistress eyed her with a frown. "Here you come at last," she began fretfully. Then her face cleared a little. "Why, really, your tray looks quite inviting. Take the things off that stand there and set it by the bed. Now you may pour me a cup of coffee. My heart flutters so every time the children quarrel that it really frightens me. And they quarrel continually. Dear, dear! it is such a care to bring up children. I often tell Mr. Jones that he can't imagine in his quiet office what I have to endure here at home. Really, your coffee is very good, Annie. I don't know when I've tasted a decent cup of coffee before. Can you make good cake?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I never made any."

"Never made any cake? Are you sure? I remember one girl I had who declared she couldn't cook at all, so I slaved around and did about everything, and afterward she left me and went to work for Mrs. Stillman and turned out an elegant cook. She had the impertinence to tell Mrs. Stillman that I didn't pay for a cook and that she wasn't going to do anything she wasn't paid for. Now, did you ever hear of such a thing? I always say that when I hire a girl I hire her to do *whatever I want done*. And that reminds me, have you scrubbed the kitchen yet? You know I wanted you to do that yesterday."

"No, ma'am."

"Well, why not? It must be ten o'clock, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is a quarter-past."

"Then you should certainly have had that kitchen scrubbed by this time. Dear, dear, girls always do waste their time so. And the whole house wants sweeping. And there is the washing, too. When are you going to do that?"

"I'm afraid I can't do it at all, ma'am. I never washed."

"What's that you're saying! Not going to do the washing? You must remember what I said to you about being impertinent, Annie. *Of course* you'll do it. That is a part of general housework. We *must* have some clean clothes this week."

"Why not send the soiled things to the laundry, ma'am?"

"To the laundry? *What* an idea! Don't you know they just ruin the clothes at the laundry? Besides, it's too expensive. We're not rich people—no, indeed. Of course Mr. Jones does an excellent business, and all that, but what with the children, and my doctor's bills—no, indeed, I'll not send the clothes to the laundry! I suppose I could get a woman. But I can't afford to pay you as much as twelve dollars a month and hire a woman, too. That would be absurd. And the work would be ridiculously easy without the washing. You must see that yourself."

"It seems to me, ma'am, that it is very hard."

"Well, really, you must be inexperienced. My work *hard?* Well, well! I wonder what I shall hear next. You ought to work for Mrs. Stillman a while if you think my work is hard. But really, Annie, you *must* stay your month out, you know. I'll get a woman to do the washing this week, because it did go over a week; that dreadful Mary got out of everything she possibly could. You go down now and hurry up and put your kitchen to rights. Be sure and have the children's lunch ready at ten minutes past twelve. Don't let them get into the preserve closet. Ethel is so bilious. Here, take this tray away. Tell everybody that comes I am not well and cannot be disturbed. If a stout man in checkered trousers comes with a milliner's bill tell him I'm out of town for two weeks. And—Annie!"

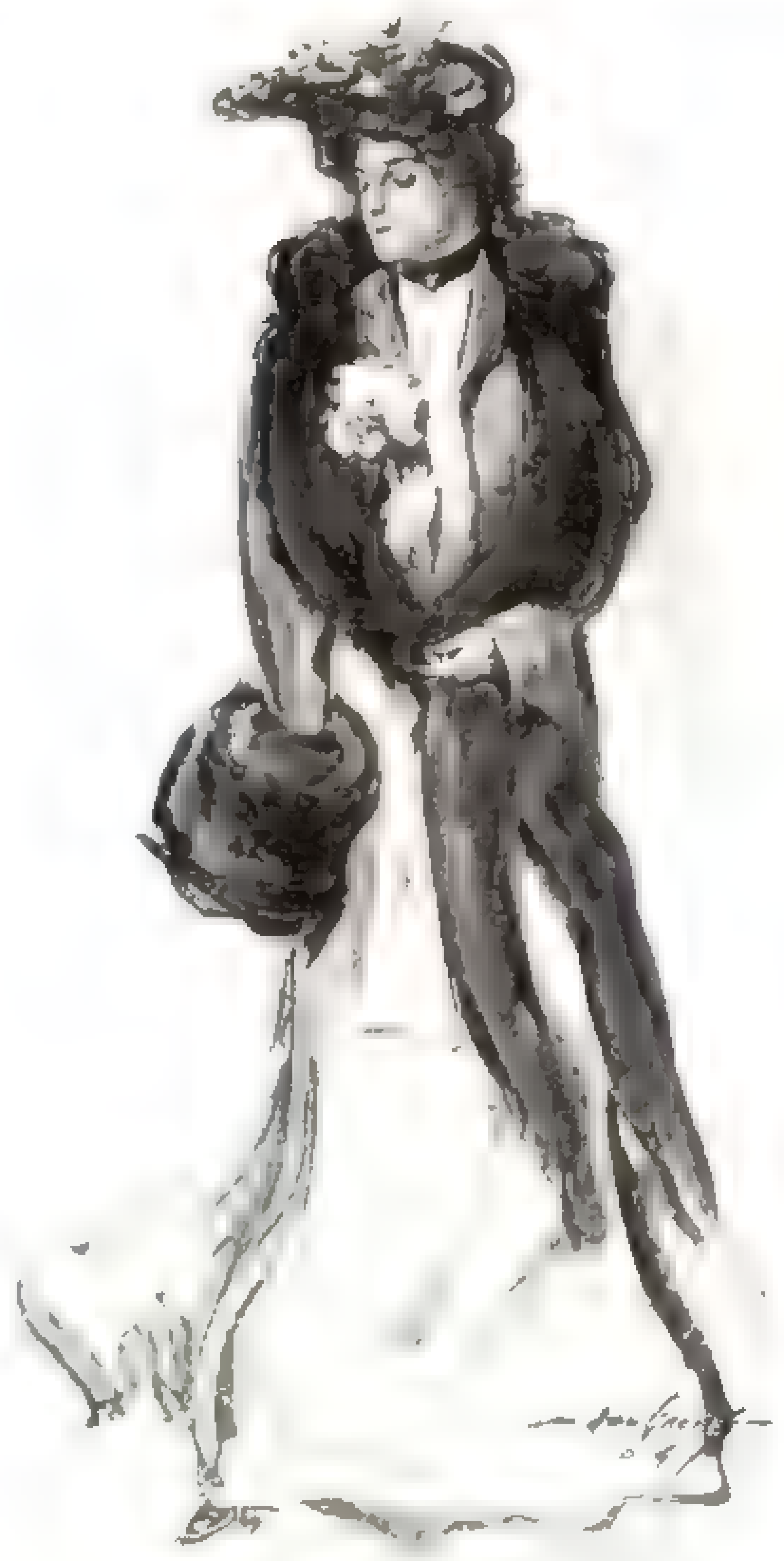
"Yes, ma'am."

"Do you suppose you can get around to sweep the parlor before luncheon? Really you must. It is a sight. And the front hall, too. It won't take long. I might have calls this afternoon. And that reminds me—I declare I had nearly forgotten it. I am invited to an afternoon tea to-day, and I've simply got to have my best white petticoat washed and ironed. My silk one is in rags. Look in the hamper for it, will you, and take it down and wash it right away."

"What about the kitchen, ma'am, and the sweeping?"

"Why, the skirt won't take long. Now, if you'd only done the kitchen yesterday. You'll soon see how the work runs behind if you don't do everything at the right time. That's what my mother used to say. And I've always been *very* particular about it. Don't forget about that skirt now. I'll try to sleep a little before luncheon. I'm really tired to death. Don't make the skirt too stiff. I ought to have a new silk one, but Algy—I mean Mr. Jones—says I'll have to wait till next month."

Annie Smith's firm young body stood her in good stead for the next few hours. She washed the white skirt and hung it out to dry. Later she wrestled with the dark-complexioned mop and the darker problem presented by the kitchen floor. She finally grew so absorbed in the solution that time fled away unaware. A loud bang of the kitchen door and two pairs of muddy feet stamping across the damp floor surprised her in a hopeless attempt to remove the grime of past regimes from the kitchen table. "Is our luncheon ready?" demanded Ethel. "We've got to have it this minute, and I want something good, too; I'm hungry."



THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS TALL AND SLENDER AND VERY SMARTLY DRESSED

"So'm I," shouted Master Algernon. "Come on in the dining-room, Ethel."

"Wait a minute, children," began Annie with a guilty blush. "I'll get your luncheon just as soon as I——"

A wild rush through the dining-room and a sound of clamorous voices above apprised her of the fact that her shortcomings had already been reported. She hurriedly laid the table; then discovered to her dismay that the kitchen fire was quite extinct. It appeared to her, as she poked hopelessly among the lumpy ashes, that concentration was not after all so desirable an accomplishment as she had been led to suppose.

"*Why, Annie!*" Mrs. Jones announced her presence in the kitchen with these two words spoken in a tone which conveyed volumes.

"I'm very sorry, ma'am, but I forgot all about the children's lunch I was so interested in trying to clean the floor and the tables, and so the fire went out, and——"

"I should *say so*," interrupted Mrs. de Puyster-Jones with rapidly gathering indignation. "Your mind cannot have been on your work at all. Have you remembered to attend to the furnace?"

"The furnace, ma'am! Do I have to see to the furnace?"

"Why, certainly you do. Don't you remember that I told you so yesterday? Mr. Jones generally banks the fire at night; but the girl always shakes the ashes down in the morning and looks after it during the day. Do you mean to tell me that you have neglected that, too?"

"You didn't tell me about the furnace, ma'am."

"Don't prevaricate, Annie; I always insist upon perfect truthfulness in a girl. But there is no time to discuss the matter now. You may give the children some of that cold ham and some bread and butter and milk. Do it at once. I will take my luncheon later when you have rekindled the fire. I shall want some hot tea after all this excitement. Have you ironed my skirt yet?"

"No, ma'am, but I washed it. It's out on the line."

Mrs. Jones sighed deeply. "You had better see to the furnace immediately. I fear the fire is out."

"Shall I attend to the furnace before I get the children's luncheon, ma'am?"

"Dear, dear; you are certainly enough to try the patience of a saint, Annie! *Why* do you stand there talking? Run down at once to the furnace and throw on some coal, *then* get the luncheon. And you must *hurry*. After I have eaten my luncheon, Annie, I must have a serious talk with you."

Notes on Ontology from Annie Smith's book

I have found it neither pleasant nor easy to play the part of the brute atom. So far I have scored a decided failure in the rôle. I have had to leave my first place and am back in town working for my board at my friend, Mrs. Buckle's. Mrs. Buckle is a kind soul.

When I left Mrs. de Puyster-Jones yesterday afternoon with exactly two dollars and four cents in my pocket—I received no wages because I did not stop my week out—I quite naturally returned to this hospitable roof.

The good woman met me at the door. "Why, if it ain't Annie Smith come back a'ready!" she exclaimed with a broad smile of welcome. "Didn't you make out at your place, after all?" For that warming smile I could have fallen on her neck.

"No," I answered miserably, "I don't believe I can do general housework. It's too awfully general."

I am to spend certain hours in the kitchen which will pay for my lodging and meals till I can find another place.

Mrs. de Puyster-Jones informed me yesterday that I was by far the most "impossible creature" she had ever seen. This when we were having our heart-to heart talk after luncheon.

"In that case," I observed thoughtlessly, "I would better not stay with you."

"Don't be impertinent, Annie," said Mrs. Jones severely.

On this particular shelf—the kitchen shelf—I find that a well-turned or even grammatical sentence is regarded as impertinent. I wonder why?

"I wasn't meanin' to be imper'ent, ma'am," I ventured, endeavoring to repair the breech. "I ain't been brought up that way. But I think as how I ought to have a decent, clean bed to sleep in; and I should like to arrange the work so that I would know exactly what I was to do and when I was to do it. I hope that ain't unreasonable of me, ma'am."

I said this in a really humble and conciliatory tone. In the language of the shelf, I was "meachin'."

Mrs. Jones rose with a Juno-like expression of indignation.

"*That* will do, Annie," she said peremptorily. "You may go at once. I have already told you that I hire a girl for *my* convenience, and for that alone. You are utterly unfit to remain in my house."

Subsequently she gave me my carfare, remarking that I had not earned my board during the twenty-four hours spent under her roof.

Is it possible that I am really stupider than the average servant girl? What then is education?

CHAPTER VI

I HAVE found it wonderfully easy to turn a new leaf in this particular book of experience. I no longer wonder at the shifting population of our kitchens. What could be more tempting to the average feminine mind than the ability to drop at will any given problem of domestic life and begin a brand new one on a fresh slate?

I found the befrizzled mistress of the intelligence office as imperturbable as before. She seemed neither surprised nor displeased at my lack of success, dismissing the matter with a curt, "Those kind mostly changes frequent."

I did not venture to inquire whether "those kind" referred to my late mistress or to me, or to both, and Mrs. Lehn did not enlighten me. I was obliged to lay bare my financial embarrassments, and she kindly consented to take a dollar down, the other dollar to be charged against my first week's wages in a new place.

"But suppose no one will keep me for a week?" I suggested unhappily.

She looked me over again with the air of a shrewd merchant appraising a shop-worn garment. "You ain't bad to look at—even if you ain't experienced," she responded encouragingly. "There's plenty 'at 'ud be glad to get you."

At that moment the door opened and a young and extremely pretty woman entered. I suppose it is because I am not the least bit pretty myself that I love beauty in other women. The young woman was tall and slender and very smartly dressed in a brown cloth suit which matched her eyes and hair; her pretty round chin nestled daintily in a nest of dark fur and a bunch of violets completed the effect. The smile with which she introduced her dainty self and her errand revealed charming dimples and the whitest of teeth.

"Do I inquire for a maid here?" she asked.

Mrs. Lehn assented, while rather conspicuously completing a rapid inventory of the newcomer's toilet. "I guess you ain't on my books," she added thoughtfully.

"You mean I haven't been here before?" inquired the young woman. "No, I haven't. I am just commencing housekeeping"—she blushed vividly—"and I want a maid to—to cook, and keep the rooms in order."

"Washing and ironing?" inquired Mrs. Lehn tersely.

"Why, I don't know; I hadn't thought about that. Isn't it too much work for one maid? I never kept house, you know."

"That's accordin'," observed Mrs. Lehn, tapping her book with her pencil. "I guess you want a cook and a second girl. I can send you a couple o' girls this afternoon, or any time you say. Colored or white?"

"How much do they cost by the month?" asked the young woman doubtfully.

"First-class cook, forty, thirty, twenty-five; medium, eighteen; second girl, twenty, sixteen, fourteen, 'cordin'."

The young woman plunged into some sort of unaccustomed mental calculation which brought a puzzled frown to her white forehead. It made her look prettier than ever. She finally sighed and shook her head. "No, I don't think I want two servants," she said decidedly. "We live in a small apartment with the tiniest kitchen; there wouldn't be room for two maids, even if——" On second thought she left this sentence unfinished and began another with a fleeting glance of inquiry at me. "I think I want just a nice, clean girl to—why, to work, don't you know, and—and she mustn't be too expensive."

"General housework," said Mrs. Lehn gloomily. "Experienced, eighteen; raw (she pronounced it *rahr*), ten, twelve an' fourteen, 'cordin'."

"Could I have—a—one of the twelve-dollar kind to-day, if you please?"

I started forward impulsively in answer to a second appealing glance from the pretty brown eyes. "Would I do, ma'am?" I asked. "I am the twelve-dollar kind, and I want a place to-day."

The preliminaries were quickly arranged, and as I had my bundle of working clothes with me I left the intelligence office in the company of my new mistress.

"Now you know, I liked you from the very first," she said to me as Mrs. Lehn's door closed behind us. "You—you look so different from the ordinary maid. I hope you will like—us."

"I shall," I responded with conviction

My pretty mistress lifted her little head with a suggestion of hauteur "My name is Mrs. Richard Ely," she said with a beautiful blush, which I could see annoyed her. "What is yours?—I did not think to ask the woman"

I hesitated for the fraction of a second. "My name is Anne Smith," I answered

"Anne Smith," she repeated thoughtfully; "that is a very good name for a maid: it seems somehow as neat and suitable as a clean white apron. Have you plenty of aprons, Anne?"

"Why, no, ma'am," I confessed, "I have only worked out for a little while. I think I ought to have told you before that my last mistress didn't like me at all. I only stopped with her one day."

"Why didn't she like you?" inquired Mrs. Ely gravely

"Well, ma'am," I answered truthfully, "I think it was because she wanted the eighteen-dollar-experienced kind, and I was only a twelve-dollar-raw one. I tried to do my best, but she said I was 'an impossible creature.'"

My pretty mistress sighed apprehensively. I could see she was debating as to whether she ought not to exchange me at once for the eighteen-dollar variety. "What is it to be—raw?" she inquired at length. "I didn't like to ask that woman. And what is the difference between ten, twelve and fourteen dollar raw ones?"

"I am raw," I answered promptly, "because I never worked out much. I am the twelve-dollar-raw kind because I am twenty-seven years old, and I can make good coffee and toast and lay the table neatly and wait on it properly. I can clean, too," I added somewhat proudly as I remembered my feats in the De Puyster-Jones kitchen. "But I don't know how to make cake nor bread, and I never washed and ironed."

"I am glad you can make good coffee," my mistress said. "Mine is queer, Dick says."

We boarded a car just then, and, as I sat on the opposite side from my mistress, we did not exchange further words till we reached our destination.

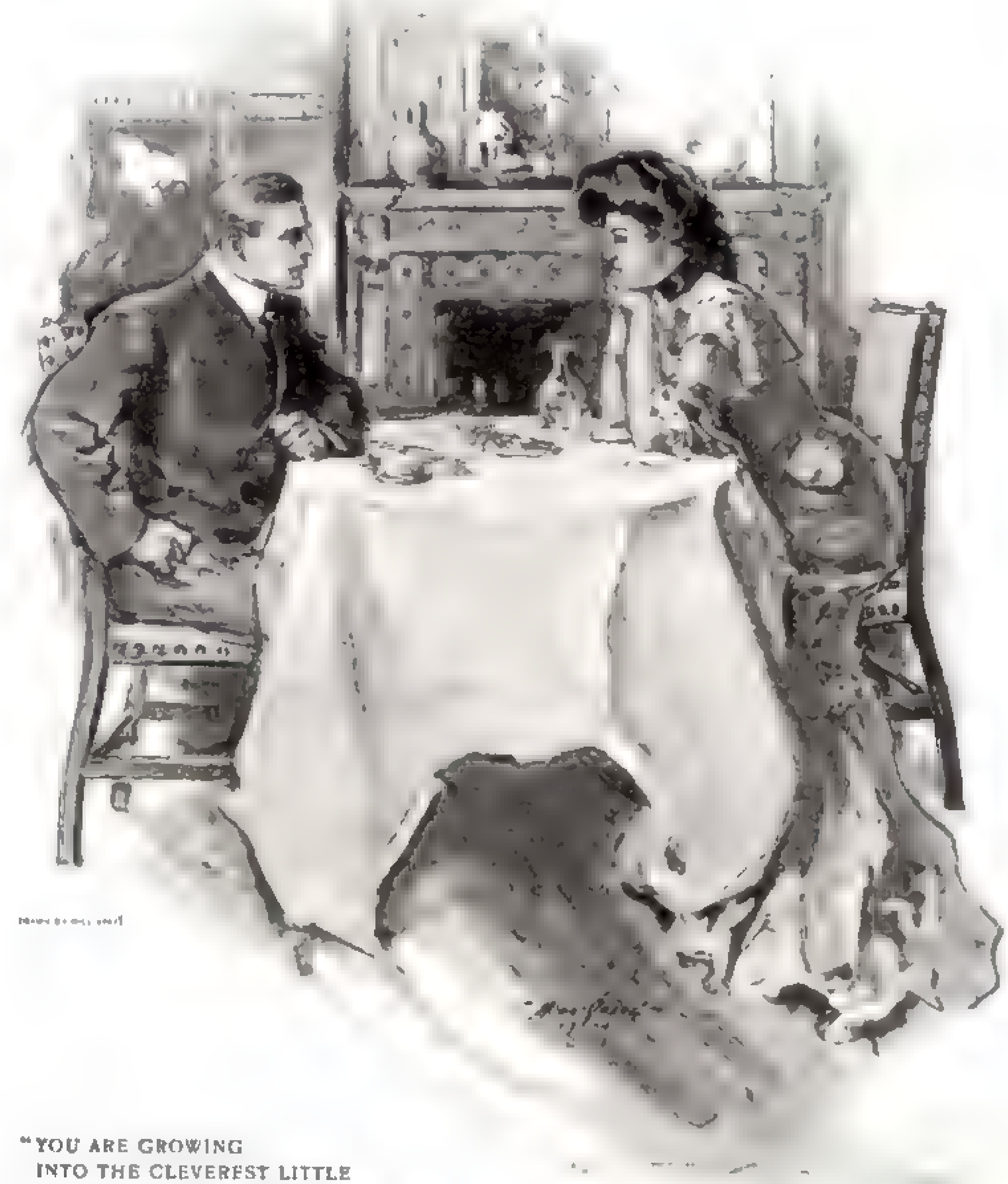
It was a very tiny apartment at the top of a tall building in a quiet up-town street. "We are not really settled yet," my mistress said, glancing about the sparsely furnished little rooms with a smile and a sigh. She seemed out of place there in her rich furs and gown. I noticed her hands when she drew off her gloves; they were white and slender and sparkled with jewels.

"We began with boarding," she explained, looking more than ever like a girl in her teens as she showed me about the little kitchen; "but Dick—I mean Mr. Ely—was away all day; the rooms were dingy and unpleasant, and I had nothing to do from morning till night; so——" She stopped short and glanced at me almost appealingly. I could see that she was thinking herself very foolish to confide anything to the discretion of a maid.

There was a gas-range in the kitchen and the mite of a sink commanded an extended view of boxlike back yards laced with clothes lines. Opposite the sink a little china-closet disclosed a dozen or so of shining tins and some pretty blue and white china

"I made the breakfast this morning all by myself," said my mistress with a girlish laugh. "I tried muffins out of my new cook-book, but I forgot to put in something—I think it was baking-powder—and they were awfully funny. So was the coffee. I put in a whole egg, too. Dick was so amused, but he said he didn't care a bit; then we went out to the restaurant and had breakfast. But Dick—I mean Mr. Ely—doesn't like restaurants, and I just loathe them. I never was in one in my life till—till a little while ago. Dick said he thought we would better get a cook. So I got you."

"But I'm not a cook," I said with dismay. "I never made muffins in my life. Don't forget that I am the raw kind"



"YOU ARE GROWING INTO THE CLEVEREST LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER, DEAR," HE TOLD HER

My little mistress burst into a joyous laugh. "Isn't that too absurd!" she cried, clapping her hands. "But you are not at all stupid—I can see that very well; and then you are ever so old—You don't mind my saying that, do you? So you can study things out. Don't you think you can? I have a splendid new cook-book with a daily menu and pictures of everything, and it tells just how to do every single thing, if one doesn't forget. Now for dinner to-night—I thought it would be lovely to surprise Dick with a beautiful dinner." She spread an imposing cook-book on the table and bent over it like a schoolgirl.

"Now here is a menu for December sixteenth," she said doubtfully. "Do you think this sounds hard? 'Purée of chestnuts; celery; Cantonese chicken with macaroni; browned mashed potatoes; cauliflower with white sauce; orange pudding; coffee.' I don't know, though, whether Dick likes cauliflower or not. I like it if it's nice and white the way it used to be in the garden at home; and Hannah made such delicious orange pudding."

Her small round chin nestled deeper into the rosy palms and a momentary mist clouded the bright dark eyes. She jumped up presently with a laugh which sounded suspiciously like a half sob. "We shall have to go to market and buy a lot," she said hurriedly; "I haven't half the things for such a dinner"

"Don't you think," I suggested respectfully, "that perhaps, just this first day—considering that I am raw—it would be better to have some broiled chops and some baked potatoes, and perhaps a salad of nice fresh lettuce dressed with oil and vinegar? You might buy a sweet of some sort at the bake shop, you know, and with coffee, that would——"

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Ely. "And do you know, Anne, it will be our very first dinner all alone. We'll go right away and buy the chops and lettuce and things, and I'll help. I just love to cook, only at home Hannah never wanted me to come in the kitchen. She was as cross as two sticks whenever I tried to make things; or else she'd flatter and say, 'Law, Miss Gladys, you' pa don't want you to sile your purty white fingers in dis kitchen nohow.' But I can come into my kitchen whenever I want to, and cook, too. I'm glad you're raw, Anne. It will be lots nicer for me."

And so we presently set forth with an infinitesimal basket, out of which my young mistress hastily turned a tangle of silks and half-finished pieces of embroidery. We had just rounded the corner when Mrs. Ely stopped short with a little cry of surprise and pleasure. "Oh, Anne, there's Mr Ely coming; you'll have to get the things alone. You know how, I'm sure. I should think five pounds of chops would be enough, shouldn't you? and half a dozen potatoes; here's my purse, Anne. Dick probably wants me to take a walk with him."

She hurried away with a dazzling display of smiles and dimples to meet the tall, blond young fellow who was tramping up the street with his hat drawn low on his forehead, and—it seemed to me—a troubled look on his handsome face.

As I contemplated the dainty silver-mounted purse which my mistress had left in my hand I remembered that the subject of references had not been so much as mentioned between us.

I may be raw, but I at least knew better than to follow Mrs. Ely's parting directions. It was a surprisingly pleasant task to select the articles for that first dinner of theirs. I did it *con amore* and climbed the stairs to my new home with a positive glow in the region of my solar plexus which no amount of previous concentration had been able to produce.

CHAPTER VII

LOVE stories have never interested me in the least. I associate them with a warm, scented atmosphere (how I loathe Florida water), soft-cushioned chairs and little gushes of sentimental tears. Aunt Nugent has read thousands of them, I verily believe. This fact in itself would prevent me from ever reading one.

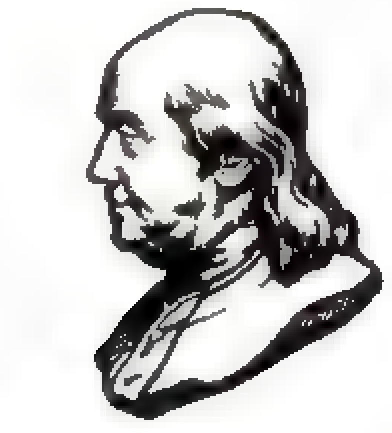
Perhaps it is this primal freshness of my emotions which makes this, my first love story, so interesting. My little mistress has evidently been unaccustomed to being much alone, so after Mr. Richard Ely has finally said good-by in the morning—this sometimes takes a long time—she quite naturally gravitates to the kitchen, as indeed it is right and proper for a careful mistress to do. I, of course, require a great deal of looking after, since I am raw, and only the twelve-dollar kind at that.

Mrs. Ely encourages me by praising my successes; over my failures, and I must confess to a number, she merely makes an adorable little mouth and advises me to hide their shortcomings in the decent obscurity of the garbage can. My conscience is pricking me at this moment by reason of a sponge cake, compounded from nine eggs and other ingredients, which absolutely refused to sponge—this with eggs at thirty five cents the dozen.

"Hannah's sponge cake always rose way up to the very top of the pan," observed my mistress mournfully contemplating the ruins. "And it smelled so good and lemony. Daddy

(*Continued on Page 23*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

America the Second Naval Power

THE report of the House Naval Committee accompanying the Naval Appropriation Bill embodies certain facts that ought to be reassuring to those who fear that we are being left behind in the race for supremacy on the sea. An inspection of the comparative tables of American and foreign construction shows, among other things:

That when the ships now building are finished we shall be the third naval power in the world in paper tonnage and the second in real fighting strength.

That we are building as much as France and Russia, now the second and third naval powers, put together,

That we are building almost as much as Great Britain, and more than Germany, Russia and Japan combined;

That of first-class battleships, the chief strength of a navy, we are building a greater tonnage than any other power, not excepting England, and more than France and Germany combined;

That of armored cruisers, the remaining element of the battle line, we are building a greater tonnage than any power except England, and more than all other powers combined aside from England and France;

That our ships now under construction will more than double the present strength of our navy, and that when they are finished the navy will be more than three times as large and five times as strong as it was at the outbreak of the Spanish War;

That our new program of construction provided for in the pending Naval Appropriation Bill is four times as great in tonnage of fighting ships as that of France, the only country that still stands between us and second place in the list of naval powers.

If the Monroe Doctrine depends upon the strength of the American navy, as some of its guardians say it does, it appears to be a reasonably well-protected infant.

The Typical American Woman

A SANE and able woman, as well as distinguished, has lately said that all women are either phlegmatic or fussy. It is not difficult to believe that the remark is false; but the fact that the remark has been made under rather impressive conditions is significant: for the alternative represents a drift in our civilization.

The peril of a material civilization—rich, luxurious, epicurean—is to make those whose lives are soft, and are embedded in soft circumstances, dull of mind, sluggish at heart, and apathetic in character. The vital forces become clogged, and the blood, material and intellectual, flows slowly.

The peril also of a civilization in which women are seeking to become the masters and leaders in intellectual relations is toward fussiness. Such women are inclined to make the great small and the small great. If they do not swallow camels they do strain at gnats. They are nervous and inclined to irritability.

But both these perils, of the phlegmatic and the fussy, are not so rife as is intimated. Women to day are, on the whole, self poised, self-reliant and calm. Women are also vigorous, intellectually alert and facile. Men and women of wealth and of soft circumstances are giving themselves to large endeavors for human betterment. The typical American woman, strong without mannishness, facile without being a busybody, of high purpose without visionariness, is seeking in wise ways to be helpful to all and to each

The Place for Good Men

SECRETARY TAFT, true to his promises made before leaving Manila, is making noble efforts to convince his fellow-countrymen that the Philippines are a grand place to emigrate to. And no doubt he is speaking only the truth, as it is given to his genial, optimist nature to see the truth. No doubt, also, there is a considerable number of us who could emigrate there without any heartbreaking loss either to themselves or to us.

But so long as our own vast domain is only in small part developed and is very sparsely settled, anybody who has anything to him would better stay here. Every man who can do well here is needed, and his departure is a loss. We are glad Mr. Taft is back, and we hope he'll stay

Burning the Candle at Both Ends

ALMOST every night, in practically all our cities and larger towns, there are public balls where the children of artisans and laborers enjoy themselves with youth's prodigal enthusiasm until it is nearly time to begin the day's work Taking all the factors into consideration, the "social whirl" among tenement and cottage dwellers is full as giddy and incessant as among the rich and the comparatively rich. Nor has Nature as yet lifted her penalties for nerve exhaustion and loss of sleep in behalf of the "toiling masses." They must suffer for their indiscretions just as must people with more leisure and longer bank accounts.

We read much of the low vitality, the dull eyes and the peaked faces of the youth of the "laboring classes," and the "sociologists" invite us to see what cruel toil is doing. Perhaps so Again, perhaps not. Nobody with work to do can afford to burn the candle at both ends. If he does, why should he blame work for the resulting disaster, and exonerate "pleasure"?

What the War Will Show

WHETHER or not it is true that Russia has overwhelming "resources," it is certainly true that a great many people who use the word resources do not take the trouble to think what it means. Millions of square miles are not necessarily resources; millions of people are not necessarily resources. The only resources that cannot be defined away are men capable of intelligent leadership and men capable of being intelligently led. How is Russia off for these? If she is not rich in them her millions of acres and of people will avail for nothing.

Since history began there has been no time in which brute force, undirected by brains, was of much account; in these days brute force amounts to very little indeed, because every discovery of science has increased the power of the intelligent brain and decreased the power of the brain that cannot or will not think.

The World Language

NOW comes Doctor Colombo with "commercial Latin" rescued from the ruins of Pompeii—the Latin of the clever, far-wandering merchants of classic Rome. He urges it as the universal language for the international markets of to-day, since they will have none of Volapuk or even of Esperante.

But those markets have already selected a language—the strange, flexible, all-embracing, grammarless, democratic conglomerate called English. Why? Because it is made up of all other languages, ancient, mediæval and modern, because, though no one ever learned to speak it with absolute correctness, no one was ever born so stupid that he couldn't easily learn to "get along" in it; because it is the language of the peoples who work the hardest, travel the most, have the most goods to sell, and are the biggest buyers.

We who speak English learn other languages only that we may the more quickly teach other peoples to speak ours

The Backstairs Way to War

TO READ the dispatches about the doings of statesmen, soldiers and the other national leaders at home and abroad in connection with the Eastern War is to be forced to choose between regarding the journalists as a lot of cheap and slanderous gossips and the great men in charge of political destinies as a pack of exceedingly small, fussy and foolish old women. Whichever is the truth or the nearer to it, certainly there is entirely too much secrecy in international relations. The nations ought to compel their public servants to play the international game, at least, with the cards all on the board. And we at home shall surely repent it if we continue to tolerate the conduct of our public servants in slipping about from one national backstair to another whispering and fetching and carrying. We shall find that we have been whispered into a war. Our Constitution contains no authorization of such performances, and our traditions of aloofness and frank friendliness forbid it. Thus far the net gain from the Administration at Washington acting as a world power seems to be shouts about "diplomatic victories" in partisan newspapers and a strong and deplorable suspicion abroad that we are allies of England and Japan. Does that suggest a net loss or a net gain?

A Blight of Riches

IF OUR multi-millionaires will only refrain from patronizing our higher intellectual development the world can confidently count on great things in science and art from this country within the next fifty years. The soil has been prepared, the fine, hardy plants are springing up; all that is necessary is a continuance of the natural conditions that have made everything do so well thus far

But we seem to be in danger of a repetition of the same disastrous blight that killed off with too much sunshine and too much favorable air every outburst of superb intellectual nativity in history. It is not strange that rich men should, partly through generosity, partly through vanity, seek to exalt themselves by "fostering" genius; it is not strange that genius should have the normal human amount of laziness and permit itself to be "fostered" into fat and gross and self-complacent flabbiness. But both are deplorable.

The Anti-Commercial Cant

USUALLY the outcry against the commercial spirit of our time, where it is not sheer ignorance or parrot-talk, is either the envy of those who are too lazy and self-indulgent to be thrifty or the anger of those who have wealth against those who are getting it. The commercial spirit is the spirit of civilization, and always has been. The great men in the arts and sciences are, to an amazing degree, the sons of commercial people. It is the commercial spirit that inquires into the desires, developed and undeveloped, of man—his mental desires no less than his physical desires—and then ransacks the universe for the things that will satisfy those desires.

Of course, the commercial spirit has its disagreeable, its evil side. But until a substitute for it in awakening men's minds and men's ambitions is found let us not listen too credulously to the cant against it

More Than a Contract

CONTEMPORANEOUS with the deluge of divorces granted in many courts is a fast-growing movement toward the conception of marriage as a status and not as a contract. The thought of not a few of the wiser people of our time is turning to the belief that marriage represents a condition more akin to a great fundamental fact of nature and of humanity than it is akin to the commercial relations of a contract. It may be said that marriage is in a sense begun in a promise given and received, made between one man and one woman. But when the contract is thus made a condition is created which the unmaking of the covenant cannot alter. A family has been established. Children are born. The future is wrapped up in conditions thus made. The court may declare that A and B are no longer husband and wife; but the court cannot wipe out the lives of children—the fruit of the marriage—whose lives are damaged to at least some extent by the separation of their parents. The court also cannot do away with the injury wrought to society and to the community by the technical dissolution of the family, which is the social unit and the social centre.

The Gift of a Hot Temper

ONE of the common complaints of parent against child is, "He has *such* a temper!" This is not meant to be a compliment and is not commonly received as such. But isn't it?

A child without a temper may be very sweet and satisfactory to its parents; but it can hardly be a child of any great force of character. Who ever saw or heard of a person with positive qualities, capable of being a strong influence, that did not have a high temper? A high temper gone beyond control is an unruly servant and a hard master, but there are few more favorable abilities than the ability to get intelligently angry for good and just cause.

But to be ill-natured—that's a vastly different matter. It proves that one has either a very small mind or a very poor digestion, or both—usually both

A LITTLE UNION SCOUT

By Joel Chandler Harris

CONCLUSION

FROM the crest of the hill a vast panorama bare but beautiful, stretched out before us The hill was not a mountain—indeed, from the direction of our approach, it seemed to be rather an insignificant hill; but on the farther side the land fell away from it quite unexpectedly, so that what seemed to be a hill from one side developed the importance almost of a mountain on the other side. The road dropped into a valley that ran away from the hill and spread out for miles and miles until it faded against the horizon and was lost in the distance. The season was winter, and the view was a sombre one, but its extent gave it a distinction all its own. Far to the left a double worm fence ran, and we knew that a road lay between, for along its lazy length a troop of cavalry trailed along.

I knew it instantly for the rearguard of my command, and the sight of it thrilled me. I suppose something of a glow must have come into my face, for the little woman at my side stirred impatiently. "That is your command," she said, "and you are glad to see them." She was silent a moment, and then, as if she had suddenly lost all control of herself, cried out, "Oh, what shall I do now?"

"You knew what my duty was," I said, with a sustaining arm about her, "and you brought me here

"But if I had it to do over again I couldn't—I couldn't!" she wailed

"If you had it to do over again you shouldn't," I answered, and then I seized her and held her tight in my arms. Nor did I release her until Whistling Jim, coming up and realizing the situation, celebrated it by whistling a jig. "If you'll say the word," I declared, "I'll go with you."

"I can't! I can't!" she cried. "Do you say it, and I'll go with you."

But neither of us said it; something beyond ourselves held us back. I am not sure, after all, that it was a sense of duty; but, whatever it was, it was effectual.

"I am afraid something dreadful will happen to you," she declared. "I have dreamed and dreamed about it You have made a coward of me. I'm not afraid for myself, but for you."

"One year after the war is over," I said, "I will be at the old tavern in Murfreesborough. One year to a day. Will you meet me there?"

"I'll be there," she replied, "or send some one to tell you that I am dead."

And so we parted. I mounted my horse, and she turned her buggy around. I watched her until she passed out of sight, and I knew that one of her little hands must be cold, for she waved it constantly until a turn in the road hid her from view. On the road toward which she was going I could see a group of men and horses, and I knew that her brother awaited her. With a heavy heart I turned my horse's head and went galloping after my comrades, followed by Whistling Jim.

I had but one thought, and that was to report to General Forrest as promptly as possible and receive the reprimand that I knew I deserved. At that time it was the general opinion, even among those of his command who were not thrown into daily contact with him, that this truly great man was of a grim and saturnine disposition. But it was an opinion that did him great injustice. There were times when he fairly bubbled over with boyish humor, and though these moments were rare, he was unfailingly cordial to those that had met his expectations or who had his confidence. He could be grim enough when circumstances demanded a display of temper, but he had never made me the victim of his displeasure.

I looked forward with no little concern to our next meeting for I felt that I merited a reprimand, and I knew how severe he could be on such occasions. He was far to the front, as I knew he would be. "Hello, Shannon!" he exclaimed, in response to my salute. His countenance was serious enough, but there was a humorous twinkle in his eye. "Did you fetch me the fellow I sent you for?"

Thereupon I related my adventures as briefly as I could He seemed to be amused at something or other—I have thought since that it must have been at my attitude of self-depreciation—and called two or three of his favorite officers so that they might enjoy it with him. He was highly tickled by the narrative of my experience with the little lady in the top-buggy, though, as a matter of course, I suppressed some of the details.

"Now, I want you all to look at this boy," he said to his officers when I had concluded. "He ain't anything but a boy, and yet he did what no other man in my command could have done. He captured Leroy, the fellow you have been reading about, and fetched him to me, and I've put him out of business. There's Goodrum, an old campaigner, a man who knows every man, woman and child in this part of Tennessee I put Goodrum on the same trail, and Goodrum's a prisoner. This boy was a prisoner, too, and yet he turns up all right and puts up a poor mouth about what he failed to do. If every man in my command would fail in the same way I'd have the finest body of troops in the army. And look at him blush. Why, if these other fellows were in your place"—indicating the officers—"they'd be strutting around here like peacocks"

"But, General," I protested, "what I did was through my blundering."

"Then I hope you'll go right ahead with your blunders you couldn't please me better. I'm going to take you away from the Independents, and I'll put you where I can get my hands on you any hour of the night or day."

And as he said so it was—and so it remained until the close of the war. Especially was it so when Forrest was ordered to cover Hood's retreat after the disastrous affair at Nashville History has not made very much of this achievement, but I have always thought that it was the most remarkable episode of the war. Under the circumstances, no other leader could have accomplished it. No other man could have imposed his personality between the defeated Confederates and their victorious foe, bent on their total destruction. It was little short of wonderful.

I remember that I was shoeless, along with the greater part of my command, though the weather was bitter cold, and my feet were bleeding, and yet when I heard that trumpet voice, ordering us from the wagons to make one more stand, I never thought of my feet. Nor was there a shirker among the men—and all because the leader was Forrest Nothing but death would have prevented us from responding to his summons. And we saved that defeated army from annihilation, holding the enemy at bay and driving him back, when, if he had known the true condition of affairs, he would have ridden over us roughshod. There were times when we were upon the point of giving way and fleeing before the numbers that were hurled against us. But always the imposing figure of Forrest appeared at the weak point, and then it would be the enemy who would give way

At this point, with only a few more words, my story would have been ended, but the young lady to whom it was first told would not permit it to end there. Her Boston education had not eliminated her curiosity. She sat looking at her mother with an indescribable expression on her face. I knew not whether she was on the point of laughing or crying, and I think that for a moment the mother was as doubtful as I She did neither the one nor the other, but went to her mother's chair and kneeled on the floor beside her

"Hasn't Dad left something out?"

"Why, I think not," replied the mother "Indeed I think he has told too much."

"Oh, no, not too much," replied the young woman. "I know he has left out something, and I think it is the most important part."

"What I have not told," I remarked, "has been strongly intimated. It is best to leave some things to the imagination"

"I think not," replied the young woman with decision "You haven't told anything about what happened after the war"

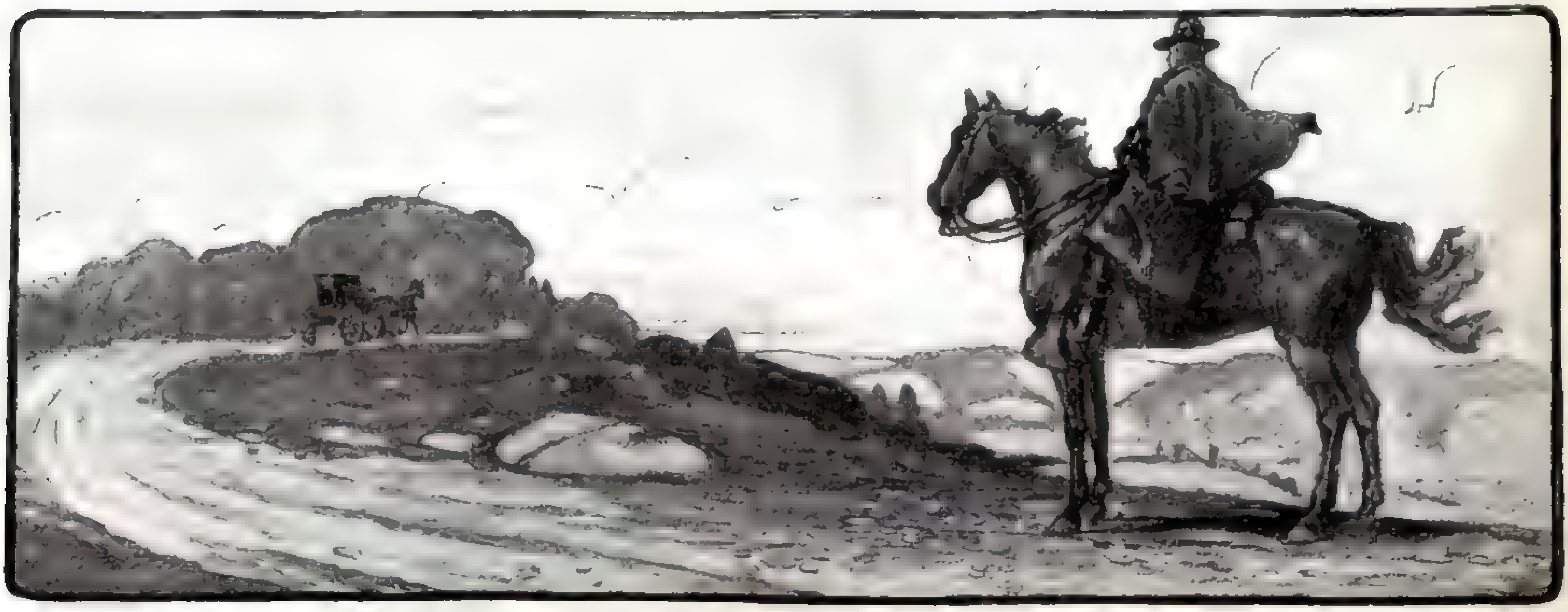
"That's true," commented the mother, with something like a blush; "but I think that is almost too personal."

"No, no," the girl insisted with a smile; "you know how the public take such things. If Dad writes his story and has it put in a book the readers will think it is pure fiction."

"But if it were fiction," said I, "it would be a bad thing for all of us

Fiction or not, I was compelled to tell the story until there was no more story to tell

In the middle of April, one year after the surrender, I made all my preparations to return to Murfreesborough, and it was no surprise to me that Harry Herndon was keen to go with me His grandmother made no objection, especially when he explained that he desired to be my best man. His real reason for going, however, was a lively hope that Katherine Bledsoe would accompany Jane Ryder. And then there was Whistling Jim to be taken into account. He made known his intention of accompanying me whether or no. He was free, and he had money of his own, and there was no reason why he shouldn't

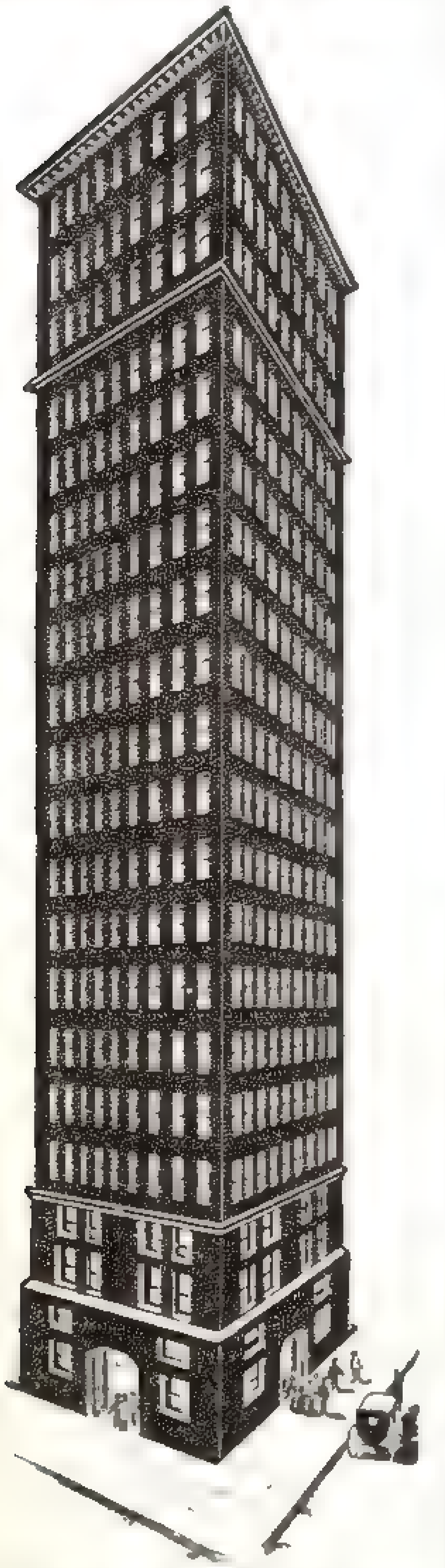


I WATCHED HER UNTIL SHE PASSED OUT OF SIGHT

The Right Way To Paint Cheap

And Have it Look Better, Wear Longer and Cost Less Than the Best White Lead Paint.

Fifty Sample Colors and Illustrated Booklet Prepaid to Any Address Absolutely Free.



Many of the Largest Buildings in the World are Painted Inside and Out With Carrara Paint

The cost of painting is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel or scale off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cozy cottage home or the elegant mansion.

CARRARA PAINT is increasing in popularity and use at an enormous rate. Last year over one million gallons were used in this country, and over 50 thousand houses were covered with it. The buildings and magnificent hotels of our largest cities, the palaces of our millionaires and cottages of our workmen, the farm houses, barns, store buildings, factories, mills, elevators, warehouses, machine shops, depots and roundhouses, are being painted every day throughout the length and breadth of the land with CARRARA PAINT because it has proven best. You can use CARRARA with a feeling of security that it has stood the test and has given satisfaction in all places where paint is used. Its universal popularity with all people and the satisfactory service it has given on all classes of buildings give you positive assurance that you are getting the best and cheapest when you buy CARRARA.

There is but one CARRARA. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, 70 Carrara Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. Anyone having anything to paint should send for fifty free sample colors and our handsome, illustrated booklet, showing many buildings reproduced in all the colors just as they are painted with this great paint. Distributing depots in all principal cities. Write to-day telling us what you have to paint and we will show you how to beautify your property and save half your paint bills in the future.

visit Murfreesborough if he cared to. He settled the matter for himself, and, once on the way, I was very glad to have him along.

But for the subtle changes made by peace, the town was the same, and even the old tavern in the woods had survived all the contingencies of war and stood intact, but tenantless. I made haste to escape from the old house, and was sorry that I had ventured there before the appointed time.

The only consolation I had was in the hopefulness of Whistling Jim. "She'll be dar ez sho' ez de worl'," he said, and his earnestness was so vital that it was the means of lifting me across a very bad place in my experience, yet it did not cure me of the restlessness that had seized me. The night before the appointed day I wandered far beyond the limit of the town, and presently, without knowing how I got there, I found myself near the house where Jack Bledsoe had lain when he was wounded. I went to the gate and would have knocked, but a woman was standing there in the darkness.

I hesitated, but I should have known her among a thousand—I should have known her if the darkness had been Egyptian. I opened the gate and held her in my arms. Neither said a word, and the silence was unbroken until some one in the house came out upon the veranda and called:

"Jane! Jane! Are you out here? Where are you?" It was the voice of Katherine Bledsoe, and I was glad for Harry's sake.

"I don't think that is a very pretty way to end a story," said the mother of the college graduate, perceiving that I had nothing more to say. "You should by all means get your sweetheart out of your arms."

"Since that day," I replied, "she hasn't been out of them long at a time."

"But you will have to change that part of it when you write the story out."

"Oh, no!" cried the daughter.

I refilled my pipe and listened to their tender arguments until I was sleepy, and when I went to bed they were still arguing.

(THE END)

* * *

MEMOIRS OF A BELL BOY

By S. E. Kiser

XVIII

I wish some day there'd be a lawyer come
And say I'd got a fortune left by some
  Rich relative I didn't know I had;
  The ones that's kiddin' now would soon be sad,
You'd see old Morton lookin' pretty glum.
  I'd buy this place and fire him so quick
  The tumble that he got would make him sick;
And then I'd get the bridal-chamber key,
  And take the little operator there,
And ask her how she'd like to marry me
  And let some other girl hold down her chair.

I wish my hair would get to turnin' gray,
And ma would suddenly find out some day
  That I was ten years older than she thunk,
  And I would grow six inches while you wunk.
But what's the use of wishin', anyway?
  Mike says nobody ever caught a fish
  By simply settin' down somewhere to wish;
He claims if all our wishes would come true
  We'd none of us be happy any more,
For every day we'd all be feelin' blue
  Because we wished fool things the day before.

XIX

The news-stand lady's got a steady beau;
He comes each night at six o'clock or so,
  And when they leave he takes her by the arm,
  As though he thought she might get into harm,
Or slip on something smooth, or stub her toe.
  Mike says he'd let his mother get along
  Without an arm to hang to that was strong,
And never seem to think she might get hurt
  By bein' bumped, and never fret at all
If she would put her foot down in the dirt,
  And never be afraid that she would fall.

"Standard"

DESIGN—DURABILITY—UNSURPASSED

PORCELAIN Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories are necessary to your bathroom because of their absolute cleanliness and freedom from unsanitary cracks and crevices. A bathroom equipped with them, no matter how inexpensively, is luxurious and beautiful and a constant pride and comfort.

Whether you plan for a new bath or an entire equipment you will need the help of our book of **"MODERN BATHROOMS"** It shows many attractive interiors and special fixtures, with approximate costs in detail, and gives expert information and advice for bathroom arrangement unobtainable elsewhere. Sent free on request.

Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Green and Gold" guarantee label (look for it) and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the exterior. No others are genuine or will afford the same satisfaction.

The fixtures in this bathroom cost approximately $237.00 at factory, not including piping and labor.

We publish a booklet on the "Standard" Portable Shower entitled "For Beauty's Sake," which tells how freedom from illness and shower bathing go hand in hand. A post card brings it to you.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Dept. B, Pittsburg, U. S. A.

Kalamazoo [illegible] Range

Cast Iron [illegible] For Coal and Wood

AT FACTORY PRICES

Direct from our own Factory.

Why pay your dealer from $5 to $40 more for a stove or range, when you can buy direct from our factory

KALAMAZOO

Stoves and Ranges

[illegible] dealers' and [illegible] profits? We save you from 25% to 40% [illegible] every purchase and you run [illegible], for we give you 360 Days Approval Test [illegible] guarantee under a $20,000 [illegible]. If a Kalamazoo does not satisfy you in every way, send it [illegible] and we return every cent you paid. **We pay the freight.** Can we make a fairer offer? [illegible]

We are manufacturers, not [illegible] dealers.
We make everything we sell and sell to the user exclusively.
We make a complete line of [illegible] ranges, heaters and **make them right.**
We ship [illegible]
We guarantee [illegible] your money back.

[illegible] Approval Offer and Catalog [illegible]

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

[illegible] patent oven thermometer which makes baking easy.

THE ART INTERCHANGE FOR 1904

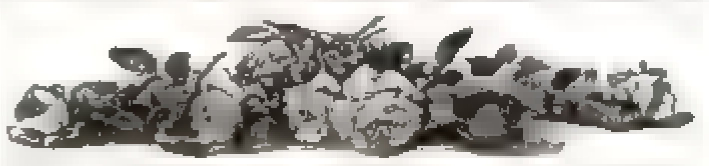
WILL BE BETTER THAN EVER

[illegible] OLDEST, BEST AND MOST PROGRESSIVE ART AND [illegible] MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Indispensable to Art Workers and an invaluable guide in ALL BRANCHES OF HOME DECORATION—35 cents a copy at all dealers. One year $4.00, six months $2.00.

Special Offer To introduce **THE ART INTERCHANGE** into new homes and that every [illegible] only 25 cents [illegible] Roses [illegible] Violets [illegible] These [illegible] alone sell for $[illegible]

Special Half-Price Offer [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] **THE ART INTERCHANGE** [illegible] for only $2.00 [illegible]

REMIT NOW, or you will be too late. [illegible] free.



THE ART INTERCHANGE, 7 West 18th St., New York

Electric Hand Lantern

The World's Headquarters for

ELECTRIC NOVELTIES AND SUPPLIES

IF IT'S ELECTRIC WE HAVE IT—WE UNDERSELL ALL

Fan Motor and Battery	$7.95
Battery Table Lamp	3.00
Battery Hanging Lamp	10.00
Telephone, complete	2.50, 5.95
Electric Door Bells	1.00
Electric Carriage Lamps	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	3.00
Hylo Turn-down Lamps	.50
Telegraph Outfits	2.25
Battery Motors	1.00 to 12.00
Bicycle Electric Lights	3.00
Electric Railway	2.75
Pocket Flash Lights	1.50
Necktie Lights	75c to 3.00
$6.00 Batteries	2.95

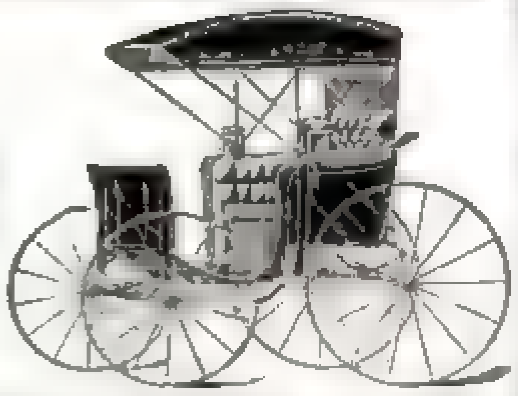
Catalogue Free. Agents Wanted

OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, Ohio

DE POTTER TOURS

Select parties. Mediterranean [illegible] Europe [illegible] Britain, Norway and Sweden, Russia, etc. [illegible] sail in May, June and July. First class [illegible] stamp for ill. programs. 25 years of uninterrupted success.

A. DE POTTER, 45 Broadway, New York

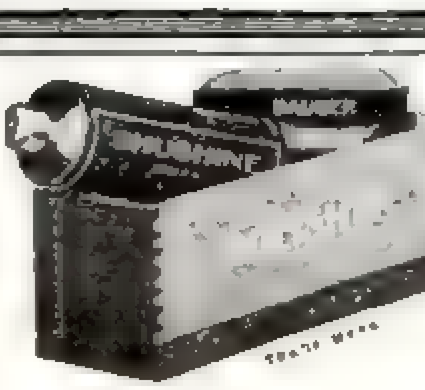


SAVE ONE THIRD

By Buying of the Makers

We are actual manufacturers—not a commission house. We can and do save our customers one third on retail prices by selling direct to user and cutting out all dealers' profits. All our goods carry our guarantee. Our free illustrated catalogue shows a greater assortment of carriages and harness than any dealer can show you. Send for it.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY,
COLUMBUS, OHIO



SHUSHINE

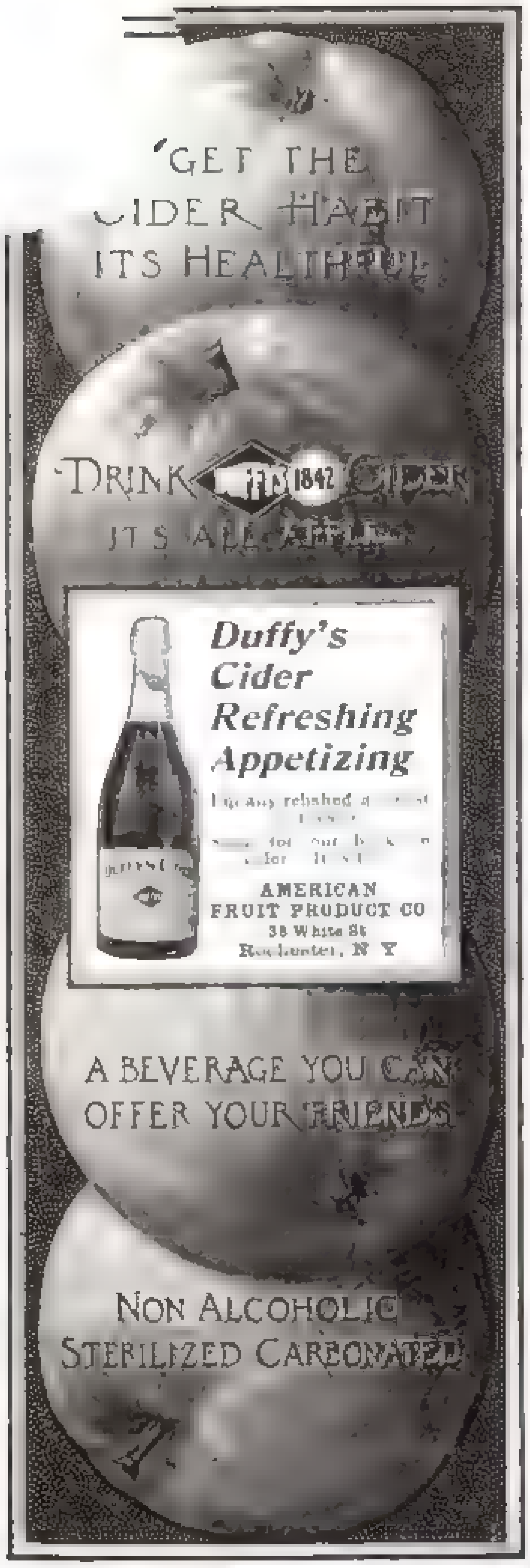
A Complete Shoe Polishing Outfit for 25c

SHUSHINE is an oil paste polish, in a tube. You can't spill it. The polish that ladies can use. Does not smut or black the skirts. Guaranteed not to crackle or harden the most delicate leather (as liquid dressings do). The Ideal Shoe Polish for Men's and Women's Shoes.

It's the Best by Every Test.

If SHUSHINE is not on sale in your city, we will send by mail on receipt of 25c., and if it does not prove to be the most satisfactory all-in-all shoe polish for all kinds of leather and all kinds of weather that you ever used, your money will be refunded.

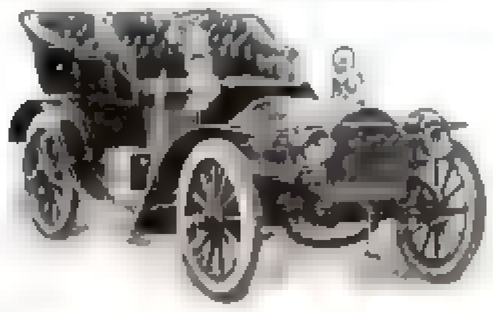
OSMIC CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. P. BROCKTON, MASS.



Duffy's Cider Refreshing Appetizing

[illegible]

AMERICAN FRUIT PRODUCT CO
38 White St
Rochester, N Y


The Joys of Touring

Come in fullest measure to those who know the sense of absolute safety, the thrill of measureless speed, and the feeling of luxurious comfort that abound in

PEERLESS
Direct Drive
TOURING CARS
$3,700 to $6,000

Peerless Cars are easy to handle. They are sent out
Ready to Run and Stay So

Photogravures of the "Peerless" [illegible] size 18 x 2[illegible] inches, [illegible] suitable to frame [illegible] for 10c stamps or coin. Write for new illustrated catalog

The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio
Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

VICTOR INCUBATORS

are truthfully guaranteed and [illegible] We pay freight. [illegible] Money back if not all we claim. We pay freight. The book is free. Just say "Send Victor Book" and we'll [illegible]

GEO. ERTEL COMPANY, Quincy, Ill.

I wonder why a fellow's mother tries
To make you think that every man that's wise
Steers clear of all the girls? I wonder why
A fellow's mother thinks they're mean and sly
And hardly fit to look you in the eyes?
Ma thinks the operator here has planned
To hook the first poor chap that she can land;
And one night, when I got to tellin' ma
How sweet she was — I mean the operator —
The more I tried to praise her up I saw
The more it kind of seemed to make ma hate 'er

Ma says they're all a schemin' lot, who fix
Themselves up nice to fool the Toms and Dicks
And Harrys that don't know enough to run.
You'd think, to hear her talk, that all they done
Was try to catch the boys by foxy tricks.
I don't see why ma runs them down that way,
She used to be a girl herself, one day
Mike says that when a woman's married, though,
She never wants the rest that ain't been took
To ever stand a chance or have a show
To ever get a nibble at the hook.

XX

The other day we had excitement here.
The news-stand caught afire, and I thought
I'd be heroic Johnny-on-the-spot
I grabbed the operator, yellin': "Dear,
I'm here to save your life, so never fear."
But just about that time I felt a swat,
And there was lots of things that I fergot
While Morton dragged me with him by the ear.

They'd doused the blaze before it got a start,
And I'd fergot our fire drill, you see,
That's what made Morton come and jump on me —
He nearly tore my head and ear apart —
That Alexander's too dumnation smart.
They're all a-kiddin' me fer what I done,
And she looks on and seems to think it's fun
Confound it! that's what nearly breaks my heart

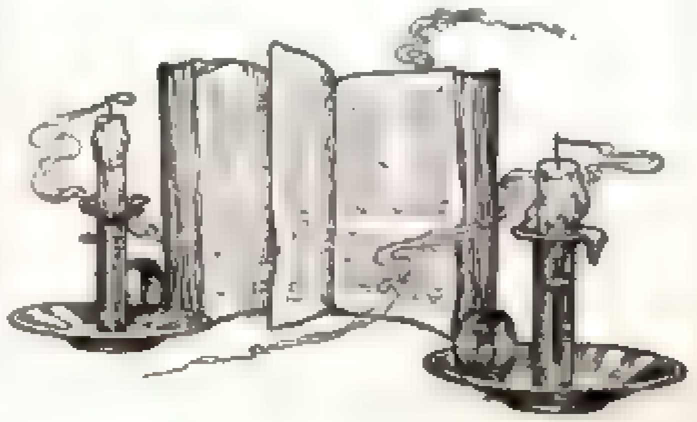
XXI

It's up to me to kick myself some more
The daisy that is operatin' here
Has been another fellow's wife a year,
And he's a clerk in some department store.
The happy thoughts I used to think before
Are busted up forever. I appear
To always land somewhere back in the rear —
The sound of telegraphin' makes me sore

I hope I'll have a million bucks some day
And be the landlord here, and she will set
There, in the corner, telegraphin' yet;
And when I pass she'll look at me and say
All to herself she wished she knew some way
To not be married, and I'd stop and get
A blank sometimes, just so's to make her fret
When she would count the dimun's I'd display

And mebby when I stood there near her, then,
And had broad shoulders, and was six feet high,
Her lips would tremble and she'd give a sigh
And nibble at her pencil or her pen,
And we would both be feelin' sad, and when
She seen I loved her she'd begin to cry
Because she hadn't waited, and then I —
Oh, rats! There's Morton yellin' "Front" again.

(THE END)

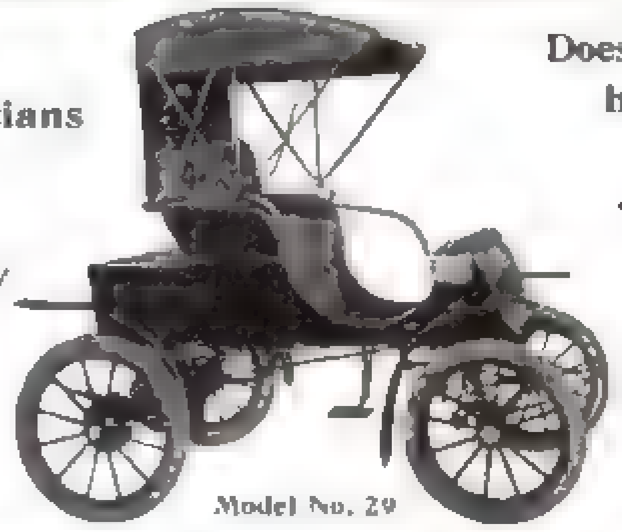


POPE Waverley ELECTRICS

The Ideal Vehicle
For Physicians
CLEAN
NOISELESS
ALWAYS READY

Does the work of two horses at much less cost

Works perfectly in any weather


Model No. 29

Physician's Road Wagon. Price $1,050

We also make Runabouts, Surreys, Stanhopes, Chelseas, Station and Delivery Wagons. Two models equipped with Edison Battery.

1904 Catalogue and name of our agent in your market on request

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. Waverley Dept. **INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

"The Quiet, Mile-a-minute Cars"

"POPE Toledo"

24 H. P. 4 Cylinders. Price $3,500
14 H. P. 2 Cylinders. Price $2,000

Excels all others in
Greater horsepower for weight Ease of control Quietness of engines Speed

Write for 1904 Catalogue and name of agent nearest you

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. 3058 Central Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Before You Start
Be sure your tires are G & J
If you have never used G & J TIRES You Cannot Realize how much Comfort and Freedom from Trouble you are Missing
[illegible] will give you a New Idea of Automobile Tires
"Tires with a Reputation"

G & J TIRE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
Eastern Distributing Depot, 61 Reade St., New York

The "Sun" Typewriter

Cannot be surpassed in progressive mechanism or efficiency

WRITE for INFORMATION

SUN TYPEWRITER COMPANY
239 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

A Free Book About
Incubators

We issue the best book ever written on incubators — written by a man who has spent 22 years in perfecting them — by the man who made the Racine. It tells facts that you must know to get the right incubator. Don't buy without reading it, for the book is free. Warehouses: Buffalo, N. Y., Kansas City, Mo and St. Paul, Minn

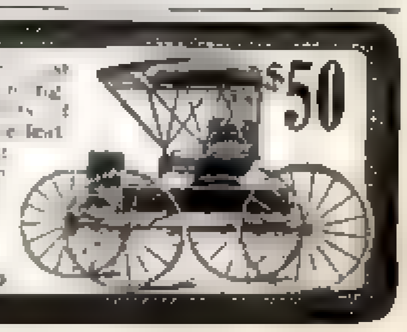
Racine Hatcher Co., Box 98, Racine, Wis.

SPLIT HICKORY SPECIAL TOP BUGGY ONLY $50

[illegible]

30 Days Free Trial, giving a positive [illegible] guarantee for **2 Years** Write for our free [illegible]-page Catalogue of Split Hickory Vehicles and Harness [illegible] Wholesale Prices

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MANUFACTURING CO
H. C. PHELPS, President 5860 Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



The Record of a

This is an advertisement—an advertisement of a railroad, or rather, of a section of country in which a railroad is interested.

The section of country is Oklahoma. The railroad is the Rock Island System.

Last November this same railroad published a two-page article descriptive of Oklahoma in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The response was large enough to indicate that thousands of readers of THE POST are interested in the Southwest; that many of them are looking for new locations, and that they have enough money to "win out" on any undertaking that has in it the elements of success.

Scores of these people have already removed to Oklahoma. Others will go later on. Others, again, are "thinking things over." It is for these latter, as well as for those readers of THE POST who may not have read the article which appeared last November, that this announcement is particularly intended.

It is intended to make them realize:

First: That Oklahoma is not unlike other sections of the United States. It is newer—but that is no drawback. Furthermore, its winters are milder; its growing season longer; its climate healthier; soil richer, and, as a rule, the price of land lower than in other western states.

Second: That the people of Oklahoma are just about the same sort of men and women you meet in every other portion of the country. They are a little more energetic, perhaps—a little surer that *their* town or *their* county is the best on earth. But that is to their credit, rather than the reverse.

Third: That Oklahoma's opportunities, both for farmers and business men, are greater than are to be found in any other part of the United States.

Fourth—and this, in a way, is the most important of all: That now is the time to take advantage of these opportunities.

This, then, is our text, divided, as all texts should be, into "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly" and "fourthly."

Now for the sermon.

Last September Governor Ferguson forwarded to the Secretary of the Interior at Washington his Report for the year ended June 30, 1903. The report contains 118 pages of reading matter and five maps. It is, of course, out of the question to reproduce the report in full, but there are a few paragraphs in it which are so thoroughly to the point that they are here reprinted.

Extracts from Governor Ferguson's Report

"Oklahoma leads in railway building, having completed over 1,000 miles of new railroad, and on March 1 had over 2,500 miles of main track and grade completed."

"The territorial indebtedness is only $461,766.43.'

"There are 243 newspapers published in the Territory."

"There is a church membership of nearly 100,000."

"There are 60 flouring mills, whose combined capacity is over 10,000 barrels per day.

"This year's wheat crop was 36,000,000 bushels, and the corn is estimated about the same as last year—65,000,000 bushels."

"There has been a phenomenal growth of all cities and towns."

"The wonderful progress made by our citizens is due not only to their energy and activity but to the great fertility of soil, favorable climate, abundance of rainfall and the resultant bounteous crops of fruits and cereals. Oklahoma's natural resources are many and varied, and as yet have been but little developed. In the space of fourteen years the wealth of the inhabitants has been steadily increased, until at the present time it approximates $400,000,000."

"The number of foreign born in the Territory is exceedingly small, being not over five per cent. The percentage of illiteracy is still less, but this need not be surprising when it is stated that we have 180,000 enrolled school children and the money to maintain our common schools and higher educational institutions fully eight months in the year."

"There are now only about 12,000 Indians, including children." (In this connection please note that the state of New York has nearly 30,000 Indians within its borders.)

"The character of our citizenship is of the highest, and crime and lawlessness, as evidenced by the dockets of our courts, is much less than in many of our older sister states."

But it is when he speaks of Oklahoma's agricultural advantages that Governor Ferguson becomes enthusiastic. He says:

"Situated as it is, in the latitude of North Carolina and Tennessee, Oklahoma's climate might be classed as being distinctly southern, and yet, at the same time, its maximum summer temperature is seldom, if ever, greater than that of Nebraska or the Dakotas. But, while this be true, it has a much longer growing season than any of the states to the north, and its minimum winter temperature is much higher, seldom reaching the zero point, and then only for a few hours."

And again:

"The truck gardening industry is one that has not been developed to any extent whatever in Oklahoma, though it is known that there are wonderful possibilities for the specialist along that line. Onions, cabbage, tomatoes, beans, peas, sweet corn, and, in fact, all kinds of vegetables, can be grown to perfection in large quantities for shipment. Experienced truck gardeners cannot find a better location, land values, local markets, climate and other things considered, than may be found in Oklahoma today."

Of dairying Governor Ferguson says:

"While the natural conditions are highly favorable for the production of butter and cheese, the opportunity for specialists in these lines seems to be neglected, or at least overlooked. Thousands of pounds of butter are shipped into the Territory nearly every month in the year, while cheese actually comes in by the carload. Creameries and cheese factories would find a steady demand for their products right at home if properly conducted, and, under good management, could not fail to prove profitable as investments.'

Poultry and Fruit

What Governor Ferguson says in regard to truck gardening and dairying applies with equal force to the raising of poultry and fruit. The demand far exceeds the supply. The average Oklahoma farmer pays little or no attention to them. Cattle, cotton, wheat and corn—these are his products, and he concerns himself with little else. Right here are a thousand opportunities for men and women who have had experience in these lines. Little capital is needed, the climate is kindly, the work is pleasant and the rewards are large.

It should be understood that although Oklahoma is southern in point of geographical location, its people are western in their aggressiveness, eastern in their educational facilities and northern in their methods of farming. The territory possesses a happy medium in its ability to bring forth the products that are native to the north, east, south and west. Cotton is a leading product; tobacco is grown with as much success as in Kentucky and Tennessee. Wheat and corn are raised more extensively than any other commodity. Potatoes, fruits and all manner of grasses yield prolifically.

The foregoing extracts from Governor Ferguson's report ought to be, and undoubtedly are, reassuring, as far as the agricultural conditions of Oklahoma are concerned. It is true that the Governor's remarks are of a general nature, but they nevertheless indicate that the farmer who knows his business will make money in Oklahoma, no matter what crop he raises. When one comes to a consideration of the industrial and business openings of Oklahoma, it is possible to give definite information as to the needs of the territory. This information follows. The principal towns in Oklahoma are shown in alphabetical order. Populations are given, as is also a definite statement of the needs of each community. The data has been recently compiled and can be regarded as approximately correct, although there is, of course, a possibility that some of the openings named in the list may be filled before this article appears.

What Oklahoma Needs

ALVA, Okla., 3,500.
Wholesale grocery; music and book stores; first-class livery and first-class hotel.

ANADARKO, Okla., 3,500.
One foundry; 1 cotton gin; 1 oil mill; opera house.

APACHE, Okla., 1,100.
Meat market; broom factory; skimming station; brick and ice plants; canning factory.

ENID, Okla., 12,000.
Wholesale hardware business; strawboard factory; street car line.

ELK CITY, Okla., 2,500.
Mill and elevator; good first-class brick hotel.

EL RENO, Okla., 10,000.
Good dry goods house; strawboard mill; canning factory; cotton mill.

GRANITE, Okla., 1,500.
Another cotton gin; steam laundry; elevator; creamery; broom factory; brick plant; canning factory; salt works.

GEARY, Okla., 2,000.
Men's furnishing store; tailor; electric light and ice plants; machine shop; laundry; canning works; broom factory; strawboard factory.

HENNESSEY, Okla., 1,800.
Ladies' and men's line of dress and furnishings; canning factory; skimming station or creamery; electric light plant.

HYDRO, Okla., 1,050.
Feed store; ice plant; first-class hotel; elevator; produce dealer; laundry; blacksmith and general repairer of machinery; photo gallery; brick plant; broom factory; skimming station.

HOBART, Okla., 6,000.
Boot and shoe store; clothing and furnishing store; canning factory; machine shop; broom factory; cotton factory; creamery; plumbers' supply store.

KINGFISHER, Okla., 4,200.
One harness shop; bakery; creamery; hard brick plant; strawboard plant.

LAWTON, Okla., 8,000.
First-class millinery store; book and stationery store; wholesale grocery; brick works; broom factory; oil mill; cotton gin; cotton compress; creamery; machine shop and foundry; produce and poultry dealer; elevator; lime industry; wholesale hardware; cement works; nursery—good distributing point; opera house; first-class brick hotel; sanitarium—fine mineral and salt springs.

MEDFORD, Okla., 1,200.
Elevators.

MANGUM, Okla., 3,000.
Department store; furniture store; gents' furnishings; good produce and poultry house; good bakery; cotton compress; oil mill; broom factory.

MCCLOUD, Okla., 1,100.
One elevator; creamery; canning factory; peach distillery; boot and shoe store; millinery store

Oklahoma Year

O'KEENE, Okla., 1,100.
Exclusive clothing store; produce and poultry house; books, notion and news store; exclusive harness shop; pop factory; creamery; electric light and ice plants; elevator

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla., 35,[illegible]
Wholesale hardware; dry goods; plumbers' supplies, hats and caps; boots and shoes; wall paper, photo. supply house, jewelers; clothing; china and glass, paper box factory (badly needed), wagon wheel works; shirt factory; overall factory; boot and shoe factory; casket factory; windmill factory; chair factory; broom factory; lithographing works; canning factory, creamery (badly needed), strawboard factory, brick works.

POND CREEK, Okla., 2,500.
Good exclusive book store (badly needed); art line also unsupplied. Being the county seat, some stores dealing in exclusive lines would pay well. Brick plant

SAYRE, Okla., 1,000.
Steam laundry; brick plant; electric light and ice plants

SHAWNEE, Okla., 15,000.
Large hotel, packing house; brewery; machine shop; cotton mill; mattress factory; pressed brick plant; creamery; nursery; vinegar and pickle factory; harness factory; ice plant. Splendid openings for men of small or large capital in building houses for rent.

TECUMSEH, Okla., 2,700.
Canning factory; cotton factory; industries of all kinds. Good country; excellent openings.

WATONGA, Okla., 1,500.
Department store first-class shoes and furnishings; good produce house; harness shop and cobbler; good hotel needed; canning factory; machine shop; steam laundry; electric light; ice plant; another gin mill; skimming station or creamery.

WAUKOMIS, Okla., 1,200.
Clothing, furnishing and shoe store; broom factory; brick plant; first-class hotel.

WEATHERFORD, Okla., 2,500.
Good opera house, with stores below; another broom factory; pressed brick plant; oil mill; skimming station or creamery (address Commercial Club); boarding house for students.

WALTER, Okla., 1,050.
Jewelry and watch repairer; 1 racket store; men's furnishing and clothing; grocery (exclusive); dry goods and shoe store; paint and paper house; tinner; poultry and produce dealer; brick plant; broom factory; steam laundry

A Book About Oklahoma

The Rock Island System has recently published a 48-page book descriptive of Oklahoma. It gives a pretty good idea of the territory as a whole—its climate, its people, its schools and its principal towns and cities. It contains a good map, as well as information about each county along the line of the Rock Island System. It tells what crops are raised and what the undeveloped resources are. The pamphlet makes no pretensions to being a literary production. It gives the facts as succinctly as possible. There is an illustration on almost every page, and the book is worth reading, even if one has no intention of settling in the Southwest. Copy will be mailed to anyone who will take the trouble to write to the undersigned for it.

Low-Rate Excursions

In order to enable those who are interested in Oklahoma to investigate its resources, the Rock Island System runs frequent low-rate excursions from principal points on its lines to all points in the territory. Dates are as follows: March 15, April 5 and 19.

It is quite likely that on the 3d and 17th of May, as well as on the 7th and 21st of June, equally low excursion rates will also be in effect, but that is something that will be decided and announced at a later date. Meanwhile, those who have any idea of visiting the Southwest are safe in assuming that opportunities of doing so at small expense will occur at frequent intervals.

In addition to the above homeseekers' excursion rates, which provide for the sale of round-trip tickets at rate of one fare plus $2.00, the Rock Island System will, on the 5th and 19th of April, sell one-way tickets to all points on its lines in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas, as well as to points on other railroads in the territory named, at greatly reduced rates. The price of a ticket Chicago to Oklahoma City, for example, on the 5th and 19th of April, is only $13.45; to Dallas and Ft. Worth, Tex., $15.20. Corresponding reductions will apply from all other points on this company's lines—Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Memphis, Tenn.

The opportunity is one which thousands of Northerners take advantage of. They look the territory over, satisfy themselves that conditions are as represented, and, in the majority of cases, remain in the Southwest.

A Wonderful Increase in Population

The best thing that can be said in favor of Oklahoma is that it is growing faster than any other portion of the United States. Its population in 1890 was considerably less than 100,000. In 1900 it was about 450,000, and at the present time it is estimated to be nearly if not quite 700,000. In other words, in less than 15 years the population of Oklahoma has increased nearly a thousand per cent. While other states have stood still, or at most, have shown only a small increase in population and wealth, Oklahoma has grown by leaps and bounds. In wealth, in population and in all the other essentials that constitute civilization, it is on a par with other sections of the West which are twice and, in some instances, three times as old as it is.

What to Do and How to Do It

In case you wish further information about Oklahoma all that is necessary is that you fill out the accompanying coupon and mail it to the undersigned. It is possible, though not likely, that it may be somewhat difficult to furnish you with the information you want, but you can depend upon it that every effort will be made to give you a prompt and satisfactory reply to your questions.

In this connection please note that Oklahoma has few openings for professional men. Furthermore, there is no special demand for the services of unskilled laborers or clerks. Oklahoma needs farmers, mechanics and business men with a little capital

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager
Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Pass'r Traffic Manager
Rock Island System, Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in Oklahoma and shall be glad to have you send me copy of your Oklahoma book. I have $ and would like to embark in business at..(name of place). Please give full information.

Name
Street and No.
City and State

Mail Orders Exclusively. *No Branches or Agents.*

Spring Suits
$8 to $50
Made to Your Order
We Guarantee to Fit You
Catalogue and Samples Free

Do you wish a new suit, skirt or jacket made to your measure in the latest New York style?

There is all the difference in the world between a high-class tailor [illegible] which has been made to order for [illegible] a [illegible] made garment [illegible] stores. Ready made suits lack individuality and rarely have either style or fit. We do [illegible] keep them. We make to order only. [illegible] are stylishly made, the [illegible] fit and [illegible] the proper hang to the skirts. No detail is overlooked. You feel comfortable in them, and are proud to wear them.

We carry the latest materials and make them up to the most fashionable garments possible. Our Catalogue illustrates 120 [illegible] and we have 400 [illegible] from which you may select. Our new directions for taking measurements insure perfect fitting garments. Orders filled promptly.

YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF WE FAIL TO SATISFY YOU

Our Spring Catalogue Illustrates:

Tailored Suits,	$8 to $50
Handsome Skirts,	$4 to $20
Etamine Costumes,	$10 to $40
Mohair and Brilliantine Suits,	$8 to $40
Mohair Skirts,	$4 to $15
Spring Jackets,	$7 to $30

Walking Suits and Skirts, Rainy-Day Suits, Travelling Dresses, Rain Coats, etc.

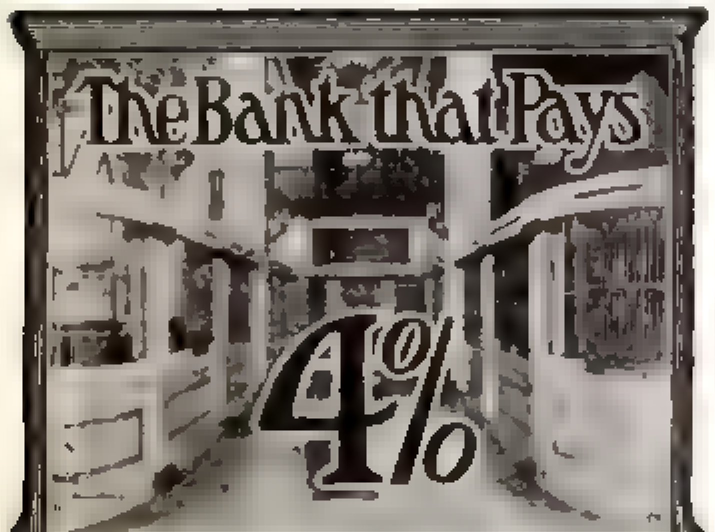
WE DO NOT CARRY WASH GOODS NOR MAKE SILK SHIRT-WAIST SUITS.

We pay express charges to any part of the United States.

Our Catalogue contains explicit directions for taking measurements correctly.

Catalogue and a large assortment of samples will be sent free to any part of the United States. Ask for **New Spring Catalogue No. 51.** In requesting samples mention about the color you desire and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.
Established 15 years.



Safety First

Then think of profit. This bank has the largest capital and surplus of any savings bank in the world, and has never lost a dollar of any money entrusted to it since its organization in 1866.

YOU CAN BANK BY MAIL

Deposits are accepted in any amount from one dollar up and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. compounded twice a year.

Illustrated booklet sent free if you mention The Saturday Evening Post.

Peoples Savings Bank
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital $1,000,000. Surplus $1,000,000

PENMANSHIP Stenography and Book-keeping, complete course for Home Study in all three $5.00. Insures a beautiful hand. Graduates helped to situations.
C. C. GAINES, Box 907, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., or 119 West 125th Street, New York, N.Y.

Money-Making Weeds

By René Bache

THE notion of turning weeds into money seems rather novel, but there is no reason why American farmers should not find considerable profit in such an enterprise. It is urged by the Department of Agriculture that many of these waste plants possess medicinal value, their leaves, roots or seeds being salable at fair prices as crude drugs. There is always a demand for them, all that is necessary being to gather them, dry them, and ship them to the dealers who handle merchandise of the sort.

Millions of pounds of dried weeds, such as dandelion, burdock, couch-grass, pokeweed, mullein, tansy, boneset, catnip and hoarhound are imported annually into this country for use as drugs. It seems an absurdity, inasmuch as we have unlimited quantities of them on this side of the water, and those pulled up or plowed up, instead of being burned or otherwise destroyed, might just as well be cured and sent to market. The profits of the industry are not large enough to tempt anybody to pursue it as a business; yet if the farmer, while ridding his land of vegetable pests, can make them a source of even small income it is so much to the good.

The Government Plant Bureau, in suggesting this idea, by no means wishes to convey the impression that all weeds have value as drugs. Quite a number of them, however, including some of the most pestiferous species, are extensively used in medicine. The farmer, it is suggested, should first make sure of identifying the plants correctly, and, before going further, he would do well to send samples of the cured product—say a handful of each kind—to the nearest commission merchant or drug store. In this way he may find out who will buy his dried weeds and how much they will take of them.

First Directions to the Collector

It is very important that all crude drugs—whether roots, leaves, barks, flowers or seeds—shall be thoroughly dried before shipment, else they will become mouldy. Furthermore, they should be as clean as possible, and free from bits of other plants or impurities of any kind. A bright, natural color is extremely desirable in the leaves, herbs and flowers, rendering them more salable. Careful drying in the shade will preserve the color. As for the roots, they may be cleansed by washing, but never the flowers and leaves.

Vegetable drugs have to be collected at the proper season, inasmuch as their medicinal qualities are inferior at other times in the year. Roots should never be gathered until after the growing season is over, when they may be cleared of soil by shaking, and afterward washed in clean water. Then they must be dried by spreading them out thinly in a shady and well-ventilated place, such as a barn, the process requiring from three to six weeks. It is the clean, bright-looking roots that bring a good price.

One of the most common and familiar of all weeds is the dandelion, the root of which (sometimes ten inches long, fleshy and bitter) is used for dyspepsia and liver troubles. It is distributed throughout all civilized parts of the world, and has been introduced into this country from Europe. The roots should be dug from July to September, during which period the milky juice becomes thicker and more bitter. Last year 21,433 pounds of dandelion roots were imported into the United States.

During the same year we imported no less than 500,000 pounds of burdock roots, chiefly from Belgium, where great care is exercised in collecting them. They are worth five cents a pound—about the same price as dandelion roots. Everybody, of course, knows this coarse and ugly weed, which is commonly seen growing along roadsides and in waste places. The stem of the plant is hairy, its leaves very large, and the flower-heads armed with hooked tips and forming burrs which are a great pest. The seeds, of which one plant may bear as many as 400,000, are used, like the roots, for blood and skin diseases.

Various kinds of docks possess medicinal value, chiefly for blood and skin troubles—such, for example, as the yellow dock, the broad-leaved dock, and the water dock—and

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

THE renaissance of bicycling brings with it one of the finest mechanical devices invented since the beginning of this industry. The

TWO-SPEED GEAR
CHAINLESS BICYCLE

Enables the rider, by a slight pressure of foot on pedal, to change from high to low gear for hill climbing and difficult roads.

Eastern Department, Hartford, Conn.
Columbia Cleveland Tribune
Crawford Fay Juveniles

Western Department, Chicago, Ill.
Crescent Rambler Monarch
Imperial Crescent Juveniles

Catalogues free at our 10,000 dealers' stores, or any one Catalogue mailed on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

DIAMONDS
$65
6.50 PER MONTH

Buy either of these rings at once. Pay $13 now and $6.50 a month. Your choice sent express prepaid. **We guarantee diamonds;** pure white, very brilliant, perfect cut and flawless. Better than the best quality of most jewelers. Mountings are 14 kt. gold. **We recommend this value.**

CASH REDUCTION OFFER. For cash with order or C. O. D. during March these **$65.00 rings $59.00.** Buy during this sale [illegible]

New Diamond Catalog Free. A postal brings our new Diamond Book and Catalog, [illegible] "How to Buy a Diamond." [illegible] many interesting facts [illegible] interesting prices. [illegible] for reference.

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.), 101 State Street, CHICAGO
REFERENCE—First National Bank

This 48-p Catalogue Will Interest You

Write for it Today
It's FREE

Every woman will be delighted with this catalogue [illegible] Porch Furniture, [illegible] outdoor furniture. Many [illegible] ideas that save $5.00 to $25.00 a season. Tells about the celebrated

Old Hickory Chairs and Furniture

and how you can use it to advantage. Fully illustrated, ready for immediate delivery. Write now. All good furniture dealers sell Old Hickory Chairs and Furniture. Made of genuine hickory with bark on. [illegible] Write.

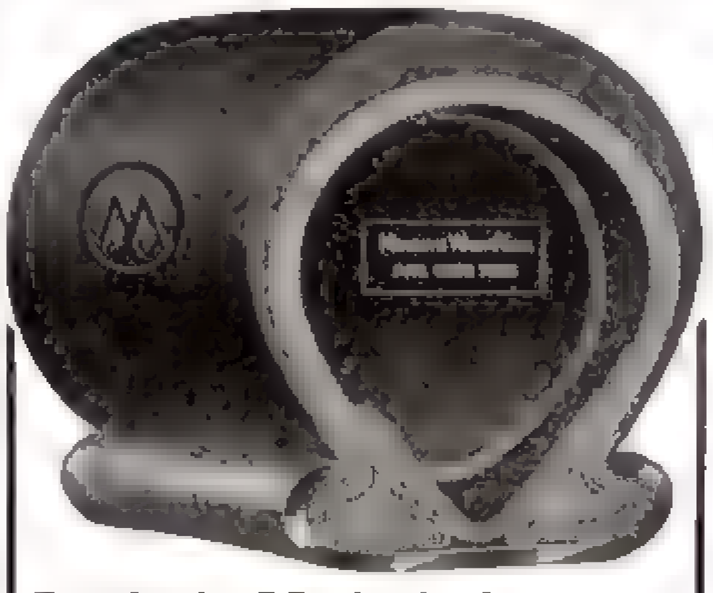
OLD HICKORY CHAIR COMPANY
368 Cherry Street **Martinsville, Ind.**
"The Original Old Hickory Furniture Manufacturers."

The hygienic influence and correction of carriage acquired through wearing O'Sullivan Rubber Heels receives the recognition of the medical fraternity. When you need a lift on your heels ask your dealer to put O'Sullivan Rubber Heels on. 35 cents and small sum for attaching. All dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

Unique Novelties in Watches for Ladies' Wear

For Sale by all Jewelers — Catalogs on Request

NEW ENGLAND WATCHES
Lead the World
In Diversity of Styles and in Quantity of Production
Solid Gold, Enamels, Silver, Gun Metal or Gold Filled Casings
Open Face or Hunting Cases
New England Watch Company
MANUFACTURERS
Offices { 37-39 Maiden Lane, New York / 131-137 Wabash Ave., Chicago / Claus Spreckels Bldg., San Francisco
142



Intrinsic Merit is in every detail of the Morgan & Wright Clincher.

Nothing has been omitted, nothing overdone, in making it a tire that can be depended upon.

It is tough, strong, resilient, serviceable.

It minimizes tire troubles and enhances the pleasure of automobiling.

The most critical investigation is courted.

Send for a copy of "A Tire Triumph," which treats of the tire's construction in detail. Mail request to home office.

MORGAN & WRIGHT
18 May Street, Chicago

VARICOSE VEINS,
WEAK JOINTS,
VARICOSE ULCERS
and
LEG SWELLINGS
Permanently Relieved
by
OUR PATENT SEAMLESS HEEL
ELASTIC STOCKINGS.

We make all goods to measure of new elastic made by us and send by mail to any part of the world, and guarantee a fit. Free catalogue tells how to measure, gives prices, etc. Send for one. We are the largest weavers of special elastic work in the United States.

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO.,
66 Market St., Lynn, Mass.

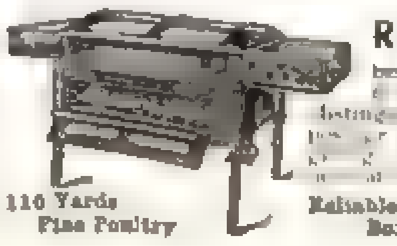
Temple-Clasps

If You Value Your Eyes

you should wear the **BRIGGS IMPROVED TEMPLE CLASPS** glasses that **Don't Pinch the Nose, Don't Pull the Ears, Don't Make your Head Ache, and Don't Fall Off,** as other glasses do. They are the only glasses that always rest the eyes as they enable you to look through the centre always.

Everybody who wears glasses or has eye weakness needs our BOOK on EYE LOGIC. It's **Free.** Write for it.

BRIGGS OPTICAL COMPANY
330 E C Triangle Building ROCHESTER, N. Y.



110 Yards Fine Poultry

RELIABLE is a word that stands for the best Incubators and Brooders [illegible] distinguishing features. Send 10 cents postage for Book No. 19, just out, [illegible] [illegible]

Reliable Incubator and Brooder Co.
Box B 4, Quincy, Illinois

I WISH that I could meet, face to face, every man who reads this advertisement, and who thinks: "I would like to try that, but there must be a colored gentleman in the woodpile somewhere" — or turns it aside with a shrug that says: "Nonsense, it can't be done."

Fortunately, a few respond. The vast majority of these remain customers of mine.

Could I talk it over face to face, I could tell them something interesting about cigars. Could I take them through my factory and show how my cigars are made, of what they are made, and incidentally dissect a few cigars of other makes, these doubting ones would become customers.

My business is manufacturing cigars. I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers, by the hundred and thousand, at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first hundred; after that he orders of his own volition.

Every cigar I sell is made in my factory. I have standing orders for thousands of cigars, from all quarters of the United States, to be shipped on given days of the month as they come around. Still other thousands are sent to men who order and re-order in lots of one hundred to one thousand. Not one of these men ever heard of me excepting through my business.

My cigars must sell themselves.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, ship one hundred Shivers' Panetela cigars to a SATURDAY EVENING POST reader, all express charges prepaid. He may smoke ten and return the remaining ninety, at my expense, if he is not pleased. If satisfied and he keeps the cigars, of course he agrees to remit the price — $5.00 — for them within ten days. This applies also to subsequent orders. I simply want to give the cigars a chance to sell themselves.

In ordering please state whether mild, medium, or strong cigars are desired.

My claim is that the equal of my Panetela cigars, which I sell at $5.00 a hundred, is not retailed anywhere for less than ten cents straight, and that no other cigar in the world is sold to the consumer at a price so near the actual cost of manufacture.

My customers are bankers, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, physicians, clergymen — men who would not buy my cigars at any price unless they were actually *good*. Another fact, every visitor to my factory buys cigars.

There are no discounts to dealers or clubs. I cannot afford to make a discount on any quantity. I can only hope to succeed by giving my customers a much better cigar than they can procure in any other way at or near the same price. And I do.

EXACT SIZE
Panetelas
EXACT SHAPE

Think a moment of the risk I take to make a customer — one-tenth of my cigars (all of them, should some unworthy take advantage of me), and expressage both ways. How can a smoker refuse to try my cigars? Where is the possible risk to him? — Provided, of course, that $5.00 per hundred is not a higher price than he cares to pay. Write me if you smoke. Address:

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

4%

This bank offers an immediate, safe and profitable investment for surplus funds, receiving deposits in any amount and paying thereon Four per Cent. interest compounded twice yearly.

BANKING BY MAIL brings our bank and its up-to-date methods to your post-office. Reliable and convenient. We have depositors in almost every [illegible]

4 per cent. Negotiable Certificates of Deposit issued — the ideal form of investment.

Write for booklet S. P., "Safe Investment," "Banking by Mail," etc. 42 years' careful, capable and conservative management at your service.

Assets, $14,000,000.00

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
FOUNDED 1862
[illegible]

Home Kindergarten School INSTRUCTION BY MAIL
Parents, Write for Catalogue
HOME KINDERGARTEN SCHOOL
92 Home Bank Building Detroit, Michigan

their roots are imported into this country to the extent of about 125,000 pounds annually, the price ranging from two to eight cents a pound. Then there is couch grass, one of the most pernicious of weeds, which causes great loss to farmers. It is exceedingly difficult to eradicate on account of the long root-stock, each joint of which is capable of producing a new plant. The root-stocks are collected, washed, dried and cut into short pieces for the drug market, being known in the trade as "dog grass." An extract prepared from them is used in kidney troubles, and for this purpose 240,000 pounds of them were brought from Europe last year.

The Plant Bureau states that leaves and herbs should be collected when the weeds are in full flower. If carefully dried in the shade they will retain their bright green color, and for this purpose they should be spread in thin layers and turned frequently on clean floors or shelves, where there is a free circulation of air. Flowers ought to be gathered when they first open and not when they have begun to fade. Their natural colors may be preserved best by drying them in the same way as the leaves. In all cases the plants should be identified by a competent authority, as a precaution against accidental poisoning.

Pokeweed is common along fence rows and in uncultivated land all over the eastern half of the United States. Its red-purple stems, rich green foliage and clusters of white flowers and dark purple berries give it a rather handsome appearance. Both berries and roots are employed for medicinal purposes, and should be collected when the former are fully ripe. The berries, which should be dried in the shade, are highly poisonous, as is likewise the large and fleshy root. The roots should be collected in the autumn, cut in slices like carrots, and dried. They fetch from two to five cents a pound, while the berries are worth five cents.

Bitter Buttons and Poison Hemlock

Another common weed that possesses medicinal value is the mullein, which is easily recognized by its tall, erect habit of growth, the white, woolly appearance of the plant, and its spike of golden-yellow flowers. Both leaves and flowers are used as drugs (for coughs and to quiet the nerves), and of the flowers about 5000 pounds are imported annually, chiefly from Germany, where the plant is cultivated. They fetch from twenty-five to seventy-five cents a pound. It is very desirable that the blossoms should retain their bright yellow color and they must therefore be thoroughly dried and kept free from moisture in well-stoppered bottles.

The leaves and tops of the lobelia, a poisonous weed of wide distribution, are used as medicine, as are the seeds. They contain an alkaloid which acts upon the nervous system. The seeds, which are extremely minute, are worth fifteen cents a pound, and the leaves six cents. Tansy, otherwise known as "bitter buttons," was originally a garden plant, but has escaped from cultivation. Its leaves and tops, which have stimulant and tonic properties, are poisonous. About 30,000 pounds of them are imported in a twelvemonth, at from three to six cents.

Boneset is used for chills and fever and for dyspepsia. Its leaves and tops bring from two to eight cents a pound. Catnip is even more familiar, its flowering tops and leaves being collected when the plant is in blossom, and fetching from two to eight cents a pound. An infusion of it is a mild stimulant, and quiets the nerves. Hoarhound is a very troublesome weed in Southern California, where, in many places, it is crowding out all other vegetation. Its leaves and tops, of which 125,000 pounds came into this country last year, at three to eight cents a pound, afford a well-known remedy for colds.

Among other bad weeds that are useful for medicine are the "blessed thistle," the "Canada fleabane," the jimson weed and the poison hemlock. Jimson weed affords a remedy for asthma; "fleabane" is otherwise known as "blood staunch," because of its value for stopping hemorrhages, and "blessed thistle" is employed in fevers and as a tonic to restore appetite. Poison hemlock, which is used for rheumatism and nervous complaints, is one of the most dangerous of weeds, its fruit and leaves containing a powerful alkaloid. Of its seeds 20,000 pounds are imported annually, and of its leaves about 15,000 pounds.

The OPENING of the CASE

The best evidence in a case of watch worth is the character of its makers. Not only who made the works but who made the case is of vital importance. The watch that shows on the opening of the case the trade-mark of Dueber Hampden has a guarantee of absolute honesty and absolute security behind it.

The makers of the Dueber Hampden

"Accurate to the Second" Watches

are the only watch manufacturers who can guarantee a whole watch because they alone make watch cases and watch works sold under one guarantee.

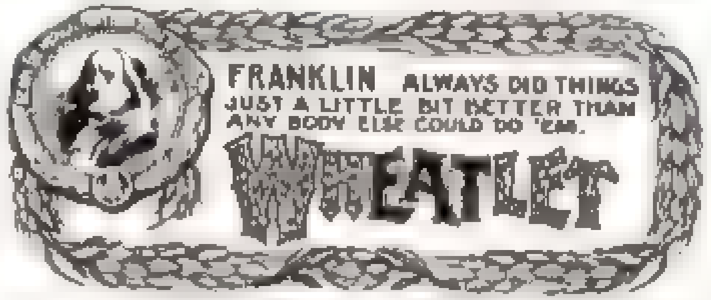
"A Guide to Watch Buyers" will interest every wearer of a watch. Send for it.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS, Dept. C, Canton, O.

ELECTRIC VEST POCKET LIGHT

In your Pocket or under your Pillow, it is always ready. No smoke, no smell, no danger. [illegible] out. Handy in home, office, store, factory, barn. Very bright light.

Price Postpaid $1.50. Agents Wanted.
Northern Supply Co., P. O. Box 34, Minneapolis, Minn.



FRANKLIN ALWAYS DID THINGS JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER THAN ANY BODY ELSE COULD DO 'EM.
WHEATLET

ARTISTS Become a member of the American Art Society

Have your work displayed and sold. Makes no difference whether you make poster designs, pen or crayon sketches, water colors or oils, or decorated sentiments; anything in art, the Society helps to get the highest possible price for your work. Conducted on purely co-operative lines. All work displayed in spacious art rooms. *Write to-day for Full Particulars.*

American Art Society, Fairbanks Bldg., Suite 505-6, Chicago

STAMPS 55 diff. rare Corea, Japan, Russia, [illegible] and Album, only 5c. 100 [illegible] Hawaii, Panama, etc., only 10c. Agents wanted, 50% [illegible]. New big list and $1.00 worth Coupons FREE! We buy stamps.

STANDARD STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Ginseng Fortunes in little gardens. Easily grown. [illegible] magazine, 4c.

OZARK GINSENG CO. Dept. 1 Joplin, Mo.

Genuine Prehistoric Stone and Flint Implements for sale. Send 10 cents for a nice arrow point, or a flint knife, or an old shell wampum, mailed free with our catalogue of 100 [illegible].

J. R. NISSLEY, ADA, OHIO

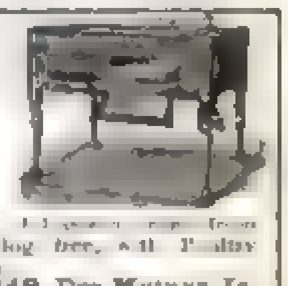
PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
962 F Street, Washington, D. C.

All Business

No hazard, no experimenting. You [illegible]



The Successful

[illegible] Catalog free, with Poultry Catalog 10 cts.

Des Moines Incb Co., Dept. 546, Des Moines, Ia.

Build Your Own Incubator

[illegible] Save More Than Half [illegible] No Experiment. Handsome Catalog Free.

CHANNON, SNOW & CO., Dept 166, Quincy, Ill.

STAMP COLLECTORS!

Send name and address for free sample "Perfect" Stamp Hinges [illegible] Large New List. Terms to Agents. Hinges, *all free*. Approval Books 50% [illegible]

Excelsior Stamp Company, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES
DIRECT FROM GROWER
FRUIT & ORNAMENTAL. CATALOG FREE
WHOLESALE PRICES ON SELECT STOCK
GROVER NURSERY CO. [illegible]

J. F. [illegible] wants everyone to know all about the Natural Hen Incubator. A 200 Egg Hatcher Costs But $2. [illegible] Agents Wanted [illegible] Catalogue and 25c Lice Formula FREE. Address Natural Hen Incubator Co., B103, Columbus, Neb.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS Comfort and Service. Guaranteed — "All breaks made good." 50 cents and $1.00. Any shop or by mail.

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO., Box 231, Shirley, Mass.

A New Potato Receipt

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

The success of many vegetable dishes depends largely upon the sauce in which these articles are served. A smooth and delicate white sauce will make the plainest of vegetable dishes worthy of interest

A fine, white sauce is obtained when Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch is used. This brand guarantees a pure and wholesome starch and perfect results when rightly used. Fifty-five years' use has proven its superiority.

The average cook considers a sauce done when it is smooth and thick, but several minutes of actual boiling are necessary for perfection.

For variety in serving potatoes the receipt here given is well worthy of trial, but remember that for the best results it is essential that Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch be used

POTATOES FINNEGAN

Make a white sauce by melting two rounding tablespoons of butter, add one rounding tablespoon of Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and when smooth and frothy pour in a scant pint of rich milk. Let this boil several minutes, stirring constantly, and season with salt, pepper and a little onion juice

Have in readiness a quart of cooked potatoes cut into dice and a cupful of young carrots coarsely chopped; mix these with the sauce while hot, and sprinkle lightly with mixed parsley when ready to serve.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

"As Pure as Delicious"

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Is pure, rich milk, and an extract of selected malted grain, in powder form

The milk is from our sanitary dairies, the herds of cows are regularly inspected by our experts, and the milk rigidly tested by our chemists.

The malt is produced in our own malt houses by our special process and only carefully selected grains are used

Horlick's Malted Milk is a refreshing food drink relished as a light luncheon or as a table beverage by every growing and grown member of every family. It strengthens and is more beneficial and delicious than tea, coffee or cocoa

A nourishing, easily digested food for persons with impaired digestion; recuperative in fatigued conditions. Taken hot upon retiring, it induces refreshing sleep

Instantly prepared by simply stirring the powder in water. Also in TABLET form in both natural and chocolate flavors

Our Booklet tells of many other valuable uses, mailed with sample, free upon request

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

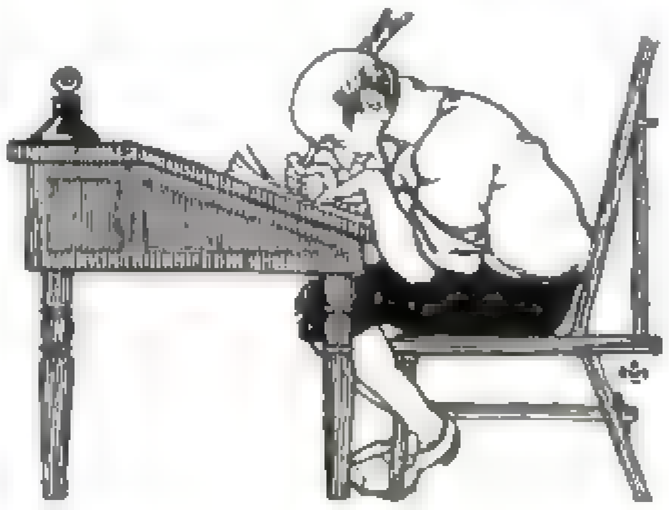
Ask for HORLICK'S, the original; all others are imitations. At all druggists

The Bantam

beats 'em all. One customer writes he obtained 51 chicks from 50 eggs. The Bantam hatches every fertile egg every time. Catalogue proves it. Sent free

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO
Box 21 Springfield, O.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work



ROOSEVELT THE MAN — An entertaining volume of anecdotes by an admiring and friendly critic.

¶ The inevitable thought that strikes one after the first ten pages of Francis E. Leupp's The Man Roosevelt (*D. Appleton and Company*) is: "This will make first-class campaign material." No doubt it will, but Mr. Leupp has been careful to guard against the more sinister inferences that might be drawn from a first-hand assumption. "No one," he says in his preface, "no one but myself is responsible for the contents of this volume. Not a line of it has been submitted to Mr. Roosevelt for his approval; he is not any authority for a single statement about himself or anybody else, except where I have tried to quote him, and even my citations of his words are wholly from memory."

Moreover, as one goes deeper into the book one begins to see that, despite a strong personal prejudice in the President's favor, despite the fact that every anecdote told and every incident of political history expounded is brought forward to the President's credit, there exists a genuine endeavor to use discrimination and judgment. The opening sentences are, perhaps, unfortunate. It is not quite happy to describe the President as "the greatest living all around antithesis." Somehow that epithet, "the greatest living," has a connotative fitness not wholly flattering. But thereafter the President is little sinned against by overzealous praise. Mr. Leupp admires the President greatly, but he is not hysterical over him. He thinks him "a man of no extraordinary natural capacity. Such prestige as he enjoys above his fellows he has acquired partly by hard work and partly by using his mother-wit in his choice of tasks and his method of tackling them." He finds the President lacking "in the faculty of cool and patient calculation of technical problems into which no component of human personality enters." He regrets that "he does not always carry his consideration of a question of conduct so far as his best friends would wish he would," he assents faintly to his being "a fair judge of men," but finds him deficient in tact, and he reprobates mildly the "atmosphere of superlatives" in which he lives. "He has," he concludes, "made his mistakes; he will make more of them, unless he ceases to be human — which, for his sake and ours alike, may Heaven forfend, since his red-blooded humanity is what makes him lovable with all his faults."

Mr. Leupp's acquaintance with Roosevelt is evidently of long standing and has persisted in spite of differences of opinion and the outspoken hostility of the newspaper that Mr. Leupp represents. He speaks, apparently out of personal knowledge from the inside, of nearly all the events that have marked the President's career — the Indianola episode, the dinner to Booker Washington, the Coal Strike Commission, the postal scandals, the selection of his Cabinet — almost every incident familiar to careful readers of the newspapers. The comment is always readable, often instructive, and not the worst of it is its frank and free application to all with whom it comes in contact

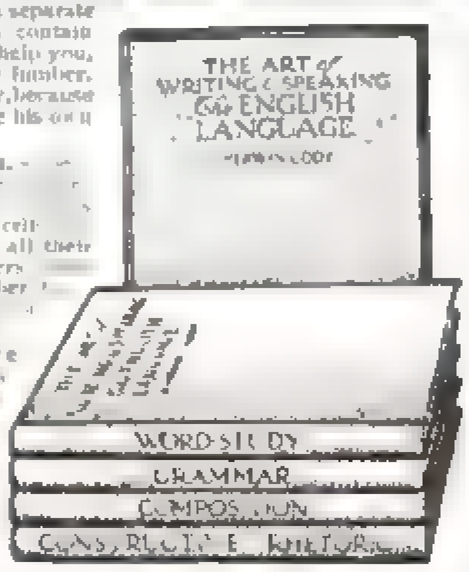
THE RUSSIAN PRIVATE — Tolstoi's estimate of his fighting qualities fifty years ago.

¶ Just fifty years ago a young lieutenant was serving in the Russian army against the allies. He wrote satirical verses about his officers and several short stories of war as he saw it, which appeared, very much mutilated by the censor, in the Russian periodicals of that day. They won him little advancement

Good English Pays

Do you know that Marshall Field & Co. pay their employees $1 for every error in English one of them finds in any of the printed matter issued by the house? Nowadays [illegible] hurts a man's **prestige** with the educated [illegible] English. Moreover, the best correspondents are no longer willing to write their letters in the **time-worn commercial jargon** of [illegible] should be simple, [illegible] easy, winning, like the voice of a good [illegible]

The man who will help you is Sherwin Cody [illegible] position as an expert on English for business men [illegible] time-saving series, seven complete [illegible] mar, Punctuation, Composition, [illegible] Letter Writing, [illegible] Writing, Creative Composition [illegible] typewritten form for $15 to $25 for each separate course. These books contain everything that will help you, nothing that is mere lumber. Better than a dictionary, because they teach a man to be his own dictionary.



Business Managers. — [illegible] books and personal criticism of English service to all their clerks who write letters [illegible] interest stenographer [illegible] respondent. It pays.

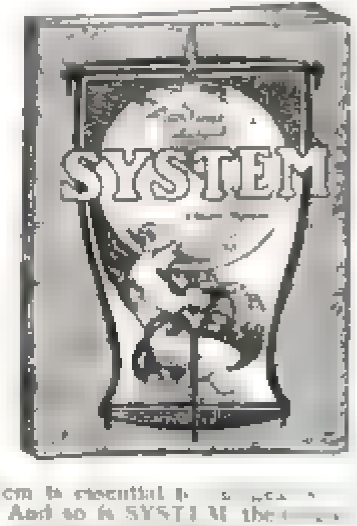
Credit Men. — Here [illegible]

Young Business Men [illegible] If you want the touch, the snap, the [illegible] in the business world go to the man [illegible]

Advertisement Writers [illegible] reference work constantly at hand.

Correspondents. — Don't write the time-worn commercial jargon but get out of your rut by getting the knack of writers who are masters. Mr. Cody has a simple, easy method in his "Comp[illegible]

Stenographers The only [illegible] Keep [illegible] in six months you will be worth twice what [illegible] you will get it. [illegible]



$5.00 for $3.00

This set of four books, containing seven complete home study courses, costs $3.00

SYSTEM, the magazine, $2.00 per year

Both — the books and the magazine — will be sent, prepaid, for $3.00 if your order is sent on the white space below — $5 if not

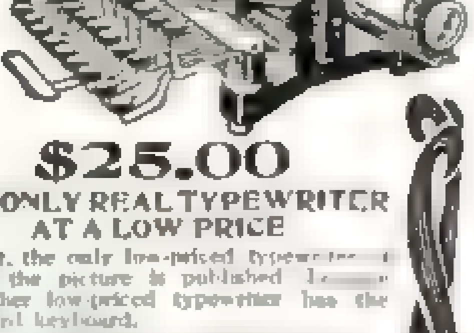
Write your Name and Address here

System is essential to [illegible] cess. And so is SYSTEM the magazine [illegible] six or more pages monthly crammed of business ideas for YOU. The regular reading of SYSTEM will solve your business perplexities — but if it [illegible] not SYSTEM has a staff of experts [illegible] your questions free. Subscriptions $2.00 per year

Tear off and mail with $3.00 at our risk to

SYSTEM, 913 First Nat. Bank Bldg., CHICAGO

The Monthly Magazine for the Man of Affairs



Postal

$25.00

THE ONLY REAL TYPEWRITER AT A LOW PRICE

In fact, the only low-priced typewriter [illegible] which the picture is published [illegible] other low-priced typewriter has the standard keyboard.

UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD
VISIBLE WRITING
INTERCHANGEABLE TYPE
STRONG MANIFOLDER
BEAUTIFUL WORK

[illegible] to prove what we claim.

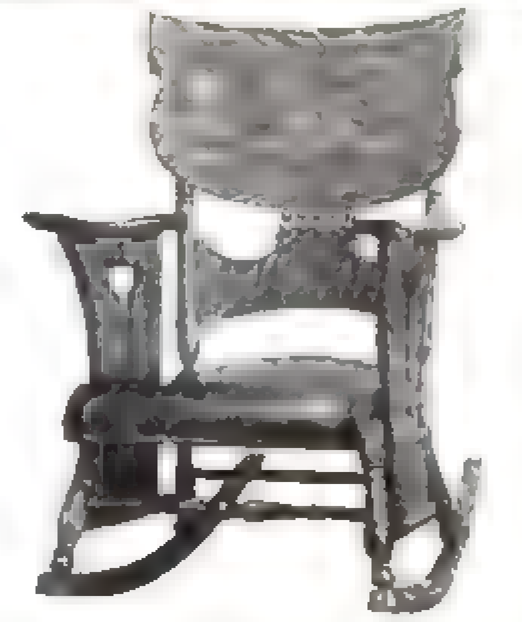
Sent C. O. D., for one week [illegible] receipt of $4.00 [illegible]

Write for Booklet and Instalment Plan

The Postal Typewriter Co., Dept. 18
Main Office 45 Cliff St., New York
Branch 115 Dearborn St., Chicago
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

100 VISITING CARDS Post paid 35c

Correct styles and sizes. Order filled day received. Booklet "Card Style" Free! Also business, professional and fraternal cards. We have cuts of emblems for all societies. Card cases etc.
E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., DEPT. 21, ST. LOUIS, MO.



This $10.00 Rocker Without Cost.

A good, substantial Rocker [illegible] finish and comfortable. Made of [illegible] guaranteed not to warp or [illegible] tle, height of back fr[illegible] 40 [illegible] 20-21 in., highly polished and finished [illegible]

We give this $10 Rocker as a premium with $10 worth of our goods — $20 in value for $10. Our goods consist of Laundry Soaps, T[illegible] Washing Powder, Scouring Powder [illegible] Preparations, Extracts [illegible]

All these things [illegible] constantly. If you [illegible] pay as much or more than we charge and you get only the goods. If you buy of us you save the dealers profits for yourself and get those profits in the form of premiums equal in value to the [illegible] means twice as much for your [illegible] gives you. We can do this because we are manufacturers and importers and when you buy [illegible] you are buying at first hands

Send To-day for Our Book L.

It tells how you can make the most of the advantages offered by the remarkable Walker Plan [illegible] it tells all about [illegible] and describes all our premiums [illegible] we send free upon request. Lose no time in writing for it

W. & H. WALKER, Pittsburg, Pa.

CAVES OF CALIFORNIA

California has [illegible] Bridges caves [illegible] interest. The Mammoth Cave of C[illegible] the Alabaster Cave, the Crystal Palace Cave containing a number of subterranean apartments [illegible] the Crystal Palace Room and the wonderful Music Hall

The pleasantest, shortest and quickest route to these scenes is via

UNION PACIFIC AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC

FASTEST TIME
SHORTEST LINE
SMOOTHEST TRACK

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. & T. A.
UNION PACIFIC
OMAHA, NEB.

A POSITION IS OPEN

Do you know where it is? We do. We have openings for high grade men of all kinds — Executive, Technical, Clerical — paying from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. High grade exclusively. Write for plan and booklet

HAPGOODS (Inc.)
Suite 509, 309 Broadway, New York

INCREASE YOUR SALARY

Make the most of your talents — equip yourself [illegible] in any business undertaking by learning to be an

ADVERTISING MANAGER

qualified to [illegible] position with a large city firm [illegible] $15 to $50 a week to start.

FREE [illegible] Third Annual Announcement tells you how to learn this at *home*. Postal will bring it

CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING
603 Williams Building, Cor. Fifth Ave. and Monroe St., Chicago

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. [illegible] Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest [illegible] issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 607 F St., Washington, D. C.

STAMPS. — 100 all different for the names of two collectors [illegible] different U. S. 25c. 1000 Foreign Stamps mounted in book $4.00. Agents wanted. 50 per cent. com. We Buy Stamps. Buying List [illegible]

TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

in the service but great fame in the world of letters. His name was Leo Tolstoi.

Since 1854 Tolstoi's views of war have become more widely known. Less is heard of his impressions of the Russian soldier—the impressions, let it be remembered, of an officer and a trained observer. "A Russian soldier's spirit," he wrote, "does not rest on easily inflammable enthusiasm which cools quickly, like the courage of Southern nations. It is as difficult to inflame him as it is to depress him. He does not need scenes, speeches, war cries, songs and dreams; on the contrary, he needs quiet, order and an absence of anything affected. In a Russian, a real Russian, soldier you will never find any bragging, swagger, or desire to befog or excite themselves *(sic)* in times of danger; on the contrary, modesty, simplicity and a capacity for seeing in peril something quite else than danger are distinctive features of his character."

The war of Crimea was badly officered, badly managed and splendidly fought. It was this disparity, this scoundrelish corruption and unblushing incompetence on the one hand with patient self-effacement and devoted heroism on the other, that angered the young lieutenant, and it found its place in his sketches. The same disparity is reflected in the press dispatches of to-day. No one questions the fighting courage of the Russian private, but they say that the whole executive organization is inefficient and inadequate. We shall see, but meanwhile the opinion of a notable observer is of interest.

The present translation, by Louise and Aylmer Maude, of Sevastopol and Other Military Tales *(Funk and Wagnalls Company)* is not the first to appear, but the translators assert it to be the only authoritative one, the only one made under the direction of Tolstoi, and not embodying the perversions and interpolations of the censor. There are six stories in all—the first three sketches of the siege of Sevastopol, the last three studies in character. Sevastopol is formless, hardly narrative at all. "Where in this tale," says Tolstoi, "is the evil shown that should be avoided? Where is the good that should be imitated? Who is the villain, who is the hero of the story? *All* are good and all are bad.

The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who has been, is and will be beautiful—is Truth."

But this same Truth is a Protean hero, and, since the world began, of all the men who have met with him no two have given the same report. Tolstoi has not been readier to catch up with him nor to assure himself of the true lineaments of that mobile countenance than other pilgrims. Those stories, like Sevastopol, written by intellectual conviction and not out of emotional necessity, are caught up in a dusty cloud of discussion and go whirling down the ways of argument lost in contention; for men think and believe differently, whereas they suffer and act alike. But Helen and Paris, Hero and Leander, Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet, Manon and Des Grieux—we do not argue about them. It is easier to admit at the outset that war is a bad business than to read a hundred pages to prove it. And the admission made, the evil is not cured. Turgenieff on his deathbed implored Tolstoi to abjure contention and return to life. He could not do it. Contention has marred his work through all his days. It leaves untouched only one story in the present collection—The Two Hussars, a masterpiece in brilliancy of execution, breadth and sympathy of tone, and subtlety of contrast; one of the lucid intervals when a man of genius and a great writer is freed from the fiends of theory that beset him.

IN SEARCH OF A SIBERIAN KLONDIKE—

A brisk narrative of a mining engineer's adventures.

¶ These columns have already noted the fact that Baedeker and the various agencies of "personally-conducted" tours have pretty much destroyed the market for any but a very exceptional volume of travels. Nevertheless when a man's necessities or choice take him into Siberia, or Thibet, or behind the Andes, when he becomes an explorer and encounters "adventures," the old curiosity and love of excitement come up again. Mr. Washington B. Vanderlip had the pioneer's share of privation and danger in his trip across a large slice of Siberia, prospecting for gold. He did not find the gold, but his book as presented with the assistance of Mr. Homer B. Hulbert, In Search of a Siberian Klondike, by Vanderlip-Hulbert *(The Century Company)*, makes brisk, entertaining reading.

JENNICO
WINDSOR

Strength

Corliss-Coon Collars have the strong lines of good style, are made of strong material to give them long life. They appeal to people who want value and do not believe in paying a fancy price to satisfy pride. Sold everywhere 2 for 25c. No man who works for his money could want any better.

Jennico and Windsor of the **Helmet Brand** are two of the many good styles [illegible] "The Collar [illegible]" Mailed free on request. [illegible]

CORLISS, COON & CO., Dept. 6, TROY, N. Y.

All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

The Name is stamped on every loop

The Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

[illegible]

Geo. Frost Co. Makers, Boston Mass. U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Use NICOL and be Happy

Use NICOL and Save Money

SHOE SOLES Made Waterproof With NICOL

[illegible] their life 2 to 3 times. [illegible]

NICOL Company 610 Crozer Building Phila. Pa.

THE WAR IN THE EAST

Consult the New International Encyclopædia

Editors-in-Chief:
DANIEL COIT GILMAN, LL. D.
President Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), President of Carnegie Institution
HARRY THURSTON PECK, Ph.D., L.H.D.
Professor in Columbia University
FRANK MOORE COLBY, M.A.
Late Professor in New York University

History is being made in the Far East. Russia and Japan contend for what they consider their distinctive rights. Newspaper headlines speak of torpedo-boats, explosives, projectiles, rapid-fire guns, etc., etc. What part of Japan's victory over China did she fail to secure because of Russia and other nations? What is the cause of the present trouble? How does the present Japan compare with the Japan of 25 years ago? These questions are answered clearly and fully in the **New International Encyclopædia.** It also gives a variety of general information collected and arranged by expert writers and editors. The army and navy of every nation is fully described, as, indeed, is every part of the soldier's equipment, from his rifle to the button on his coat.

Authoritative

Such eminent authorities as Dr. G. W. Knox, D. D., Dr. Robert Lilley, D. C. L., Dr. F. W. Williams, LL. D., have written the articles relating to Chinese and Japanese Language, Literature, History, etc. Articles pertaining to Military and Naval affairs have been prepared by such well-known specialists as Col. Edward Hunter, Leroy S. Lyon, Col. James W. Powell, Brig.-Gen. T. F. Rodenbough, Major L. L. Seaman, Major John T. Wisser and other well-known men.

If you would be ten years in advance of your neighbor, if you would have an equipment for reference purposes easily 50 per cent. more complete than any other work of the kind, obtain at once the New International Encyclopædia.

Test this Work

This work covers the whole field of learning from the most ancient times to the present day. 17 volumes, 65,000 articles, over 700 full page illustrations, and a complete atlas of the world. Our maps of Japan and Russia show the latest developments in these countries.

A handsome eighty-page book has been prepared to give you information which we cannot insert here. It will be sent you for the asking if you will cut out and send the coupon to

DODD, MEAD & CO., Publishers
372 Fifth Ave., New York City

FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS AND SEND THIS COUPON

DODD, MEAD & CO.
New York:

Please send without cost to me, the handsome book describing THE NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA [illegible]

Name
Post Office
State
[illegible]

BUY a Columbia Zither

[illegible] **as soon as you get it.** [illegible]

Columbia Zither

[illegible] **We teach you to play it FREE** [illegible] sent, express paid, East of Rocky Mountains, on receipt of price. **FREE** [illegible] **3 days to 3 weeks** [illegible]

PHONOHARP COMPANY
157 Liverpool Street East Boston, Mass.

The True Lock for Pedestal Tables

Hastings Tables

FITTED WITH THE

Tyden Lock

are guaranteed never to spread at top or bottom (locks **inside** the pedestal —to lock at top **only** is useless). 20,000 sold by us in last three years—all giving satisfaction.

Our "Book of Designs"

showing the very latest patterns of pedestal dining tables **sent free** on request.

Hastings tables are sold by leading furniture dealers.

Hastings Table Co. Department 6, **Hastings, Mich.**

Start the trout season right, which means start with the

"BRISTOL"

Use a "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod [illegible] your first trip to the trout stream and you will [illegible]

Prices Reduced

Ask your dealer about it

Ask us for Catalog T

THE HORTON MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly and easily learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of Photography in the world. Terms easy, and living inexpensive. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Address

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
952 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

Bishop Furniture Co. Grand Rapids Mich.

Ship Anywhere "On Approval," allowing [illegible] use in your home five days to be returned at our expense and money refunded if not perfectly satisfactory and as expected. *Has Secret* [illegible]

We Prepay the Freight to all points east of the Miss. River and north of Tennessee, allowing freight that far on points beyond. These patterns represent a few of [illegible] in our FREE CATALOG

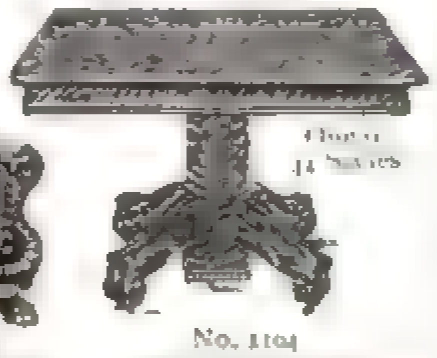
No. [illegible] Toilet Table

BISHOP Furniture [illegible] *you in quality and please you in* [illegible] *Our furniture will furnish your home. BISHOP Furniture* [illegible] *from one third to one* [illegible] *cost*

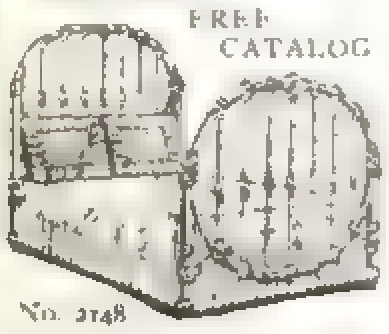
No. [illegible]
Combination Book Case and Writing Desk
Price $22.50. *Worth $30.*
Many others $12 to $70 fully described in Catalog

No. [illegible]
Chiffonier
Quartered Oak, Bird's Eye Maple or Mahogany.

No. 2203
Turkish Leather Rocker
Only $38. Worth $50


Choice 14 Styles
No. 1104
Pedestal Dining Table

Large variety in FREE CATALOG


No. 2148
Metal Bed $7.75. *Worth $11*

No. [illegible]
"Fireside" Chair Richly Upholstered to your order **Only $39.** *Worth $50*

Many styles in Brass, Iron, Wood, Folding and Davenport Beds in our FREE catalog showing over 1000 pieces of high-grade fashionable furniture. Write for it to-day.

Bishop Furniture Co. 19-31 Ionia Street Grand Rapids, Mich.

SEND NO MONEY

We want you to examine and try on our **$10.00 All Wool Tailor Made Suits** before paying out one cent, and know for yourself that our suits are strictly **All Wool**, properly tailored and perfect fitting. You will find them as good in every respect as suits you have paid $13.00 to $15.00 for.

10,000 Pair of $5.00 Tailor Made Trousers

FREE

with the first 10,000 orders.

OUR OFFER: **Providing** you will agree to hand 10 envelopes containing our **All Wool Suit** and **Pant** samples, catalogue, tape measure and **Special Offer** to ten men whom your judgment would be likely to buy clothing from us on our **liberal offer, we will give you a pair of our regular $5 Tailor Made Trousers** (any pattern you may select from our samples) **FREE** with one of our **$10 All Wool Tailor Made Suits.**

We make your suit and trousers exactly as ordered and send them to your express office for you to examine and try on. If you find them both as offered, pay the express agent $10. and the express charges, and both the All Wool Suit and the extra pair of $5. Trousers are yours.

The ten envelopes you are to distribute will be sent in the box with your suit. Read this offer over again carefully, then write today for free samples of our $10 suiting, including Clay Worsteds, Tweeds, Serges, Cassimeres in Black, Blue, Brown, Grey and Handsome Mixtures, also separate Trouser samples, Catalogue, instructions for taking measurements and Special Offer.

Remember we run all the risk

Reference: Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, Chicago. Capital Stock $250,000

O. T. MOSES & CO., 221 Moses Bldg., Chicago

The Mournful Number

(Concluded from Page 7)

"'Not one, up till this joyful present,' I answers. 'I don't rightly know what country they hails from, but I can truthfully add that I'm not thinkin' of takin' up homestead rights there.'

"'Aggh, g'long wid yer jokin',' says she, as kittenish as anything. 'Yer only foolin' ye are!'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'if you say the word I shall at once proceed to get my fiery, untamed skees and go gallopin' over the mountains to make you the fourteenth Mrs. Scraggs with all speed and celery possible. You have only to speak to turn this dreadful uncertainty into a horrible fact. I pay for what I break; that's me, Jo Bush.'

"'Well, *ain't* this suddent!' she says. 'But I'll not stop ye from yer intentions—men is that set in their ways. Run along now, loike a good choild!'

"'Well, good-by, William!' I says when we started. 'You see how it is yourself!'

"He cried on my coat collar. I honest believe that grass-juice had a jump or two in it, so darned insijous a man wouldn't notice.

"'To think it was me brought this on,' he hollers. 'Me an' my revengeful nature! You try to forgive me, Ezekiel. And we everlastingly did wind up that mill, anyhow!'

"'William,' says I, 'take no heed. No man is above what happens to him, unless like he'd been atop of the mill when she dispersed. I forgive you—good-by.'"

. . . .

Mr. Scraggs puffed his pipe thoughtfully. "Thirteen," he ruminated, and shook his head. "Tell me not them mournful numbers."

"But," interrupted Charley, "I don't see as you was any worse off than before?"

"Me?" replied Mr. Scraggs in surprise. "Me? No, *I* wasn't any worse off. But, as I said before, inquire of the snake.

"Mrs. Mehitabel Thirteenth Scraggs opened up on me a few mornings after that, and my latest acquisition instantly laid hold of her by the hair of her head and beat her with a fryin'-pan till Number Thirteen had to take to her feet and stay that way for a week.

"'You *will* talk to my ol' man like that, will *you?*' says Bridget. 'Well, mind you this, now! If he nades batin' *I'll* bate him, but for anny skimpy, yaller critter like yerself to so much as give him a sassy look I'll construe as a mortial offense. Run along, now, run along, and git him his breakfas', or I'll strangle ye with me foot!'

"No," said Mr. Scraggs sadly. "*I* wasn't no worse off. If so it hadn't 'a' been Bridget took a drop too much at the drug-store one night, and another drop too much over the edge of the cañon on the way home, I reckon I'd had some good out of life. But it wasn't to be, it wasn't to be. Drownded in the bud by the infloonence of that cussed unlucky number, thirteen."

ANCIENT INSTANCES

With Poetic Intuition

HOOD completed the Song of the Shirt.

"I was awfully rushed," he told his friends. "If I had waited till it came back from the laundry there wouldn't have been enough left to write about."

With a regretful glance at the garment he sent it out to be mangled.

An Odorous Comparison

HENRY OF NAVARRE told them to follow his white plume.

"If I only had my auto," he mused, "they could follow the smell of gasoline instead."

Despite this disadvantage, however, they shortly gained the day.

The Mediæval Cooking School

CATHERINE DE MEDICI was defending herself.

"I may have made a few persons afraid of their victuals," she remarked, "but I never told people that there were microbes in everything."

Feeling hers was the more humane course, she deftly compounded a new poison.

—*McLandburgh Wilson.*

Advertising Men Reach High Salaries

It is probably safe to say that advertising pays better salaries than any other profession open to the average young man or woman, and that no other profession may be learned with so small an expenditure of time and money. It is a well known fact that trained, practical adwriters earn from $25 to $200 a week. Yet this profession, unlike most others, is never overcrowded—the demand for competent adwriters and advertising managers being always in excess of the supply.

The I. C. S. Course in Advertising

stands pre-eminent, because it was prepared and is carried on by *practical, experienced advertisers.* The International Correspondence Schools has been a successful general advertiser for over twelve years, practicing every method of advertising in general use. The benefit of this long, thorough experience is given to all students of the **I. C. S. Course.** That is one reason why **I. C. S.** students succeed. If you would learn *real* advertising, study with the first and largest of all correspondence schools, the one with $3,000,000 capital and over 600,000 students.

Our "Publicity Booklet" tells more about the I. C. S. Advertising Course. Send for it to-day

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 998, Scranton, Pa.

Mackinette
RAIN COAT

Made to be worn by good dressers on all occasions, who insist upon comfort as well as correctness in clothes.

THIS LABEL on every coat assures the wearer a garment of dependable value.

The "Mackinette" serves two purposes—rain coat and overcoat—make the most of your overcoat money.

Your clothier can show you the "Mackinette." Write us a post card for our booklet, "Sunshine and Showers."

ROSENWALD & WEIL
Market and Congress Sts. CHICAGO

Pears'

the soap which began its sale in the 18th century, sold all through the 19th and is selling in the 20th.

Sells all over the world.

This One SAVES YOU 1/3
Write today for **Free Catalog** and **Poultry Book** describing **NEW IDEA INCUBATOR**. Most durably built, best regulator, heater [illegible] Complete at [illegible] cost of other high-grade machines. Write [illegible]
CHANNON, SNOW & CO., Box 160, Quincy, Ill.

6 Prs Half Hose Fast Black [illegible]
$1.00 Post-paid. Double heel and toe [illegible] 9 to 12. Money back if not satisfied.
F. O. Savage, W. Somerville Station, Boston, Mass.

WURLITZER
BRASS BAND
INSTRUMENTS, DRUMS, ETC.
Reduced Prices. Don't buy until you see new [illegible] Cat. B [illegible] MAILED FREE
THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

MAKE MONEY

With Pen and Pencil
STORY-WRITING
JOURNALISM
ILLUSTRATING

Taught by mail. **MSS and illustrations sold on commission** to [illegible] publishers and by syndicate plan. Send for free booklet, **"Writing for Profit," or "Commercial Illustrating."** The **NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

LEARN ADVERTISING

If you want to become an advertising writer or manager at $20 to $[illegible] weekly, send me $[illegible] for four weeks' trial instruction. Mine is the only course given by a successful advertising specialist. It is **practical** from start to finish. My students deal with actual—not theoretical—advertising problems. I endeavor to place my graduates in good positions—three of them are [illegible] Bates Advertising Company now. Send stamp for handsome sixty-six page prospectus.

CHARLES AUSTIN BATES
184 William Street, New York, N. Y.

Over 70 attractive European tours given in our 1904 announcement. It is entirely a unique kind of travel [illegible] Send a card for booklet.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
204 Clarendon St., Boston

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

WE GUARANTEE to teach our course in Shorthand complete in 30 days [illegible] of 5 hours each. No ruled lines, no [illegible] no shading, dots, nor dashes. No long list of word-signs to confuse. **Easy, simple**, speedy, practical. **Students in high-grade positions. Employers pleased.** Lawyers, doctors, literary folk, clubwomen, can now acquire Shorthand with ease for use in their callings. No need to spend months, as with old systems. **"Boyd's Syllabic System,"** 20th century wonder, is the best. **First Lesson sent Free** with testimonials, booklets, etc. Write to-day.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
(Incorporated) 41 National Life Building, Chicago, Ill

VIGOROUS CHICKS are the results of **Petaluma Incubators.**

They maintain Nature's conditions. They have no [illegible] make no failures. Catalogue free.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR COMPANY,
Box [illegible] Petaluma, Cal. Box [illegible] Indianapolis, Ind.

We pay freight in the U. S.

Learn Telegraphy and R. R. Accounting

Our graduates receive profitable salaries. Pay after you have a position. Endorsed by many prominent railroads. Catalog free.

MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Cincinnati, O.

THE MAKING AND SALE of **"AUNT EMMA'S PREPARED FOOD,"** made from corn, will afford any family a living income at home [illegible] without capital. Particulars free.

J. WORTH, LITCHFIELD, ILL.

Wherever a Wheel Will Turn a Cadillac Will Go

The Cadillac is the only automobile embodying broadly utilitarian principles. The picture above shows a strong, stylish, powerful touring car that will accommodate four people comfortably; that is as smooth-running and reliable as any high-priced machine. Remove the tonneau, and it becomes a smart runabout — superior to every other in simplicity and ease of operation; equaled by none in speed, strength, appearance or mechanical excellence.

The **CADILLAC** is an automobile absolutely unique in perfection of design and carefulness of construction. No other is so easily and perfectly adaptable to the various requirements of business and pleasure; no other has so many points of intrinsic superiority. Improved wheel steering-gear; new departure in brakes; positive ignition. Transmission is simple, noiseless and "fool-proof." When car is running on high gear the speed can be regulated on ordinary roads by throttle alone. Engine develops eight-horse power, runs without vibration and will drive steadily, surely, powerfully, "wherever a wheel will turn."

Model A, 1904, with detachable tonneau, seating four, *all facing forward*, $850.00; without tonneau, $750.00. *All 1904 Cadillacs are equipped with Clincher Tires.*

Our free illustrated booklet O gives address of agency nearest you, where the Cadillac may be seen and tried.

Cadillac Automobile Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Member Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

The Chicago

The Typewriter That Stands For Fair Play

The Chicago

No one thinks that any typewriter is worth $100 — yet that is the "standard" price. Everyone knows that highest grade machines can be sold at a fair profit for much less.

$35 Is the Price of The Chicago — The Best Machine At Any Price,

yet a number of people by a kind of "trustful momentum" keep on paying $100 — they are "not quite sure." We have some surety facts that will make your pocketbook laugh — better send for them today.

CHICAGO WRITING MACHINE CO.
193 Wendell St., Chicago

WEDDING INVITATIONS

and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-to-date styles. Finest work and material. 100 Stylish Visiting Cards, 75c. Samples and valuable booklet, "Wedding Etiquette," FREE.

J. W. COCKRUM, 527 Main Street, Oakland City, Ind.

The Singular Miss Smith

(Continued from Page 11)

liked it, and I just know Dick would, too." She relapsed into a sort of a revery in which her eyes shone so bright that I was not surprised when a minute later she burst into a little trill of laughter. "Daddy used to think me a regular baby — even after I was seventeen," she said with a far-away look. "He never let me go out alone; but Dick saw me lots of times out driving. He used to ride; and oh, how handsome he does look on a horse! A tall, brown horse, Anne; and he always wore the darlingest riding-boots and the cutest caps."

I was listening with the carefully disguised interest which I conceived to be respectful; but she stopped short and began to pull the tins about in the cupboard. "I am going to regulate this pantry, Anne," she said with an attempt at sternness. "And when I have done you must be careful to keep it neat. Will you, Anne?"

"Yes, ma'am," I responded gravely. "I will try."

"Dick and I bought these dear little scalloped pans because they reminded us of a day we wouldn't forget for worlds," observed Mrs. Ely presently, turning her bright face from a tender contemplation of some fluted muffin-tins. "Do you suppose you could bake some scalloped cakes in them? I should like to have them on the sideboard when Dick comes home. I wonder if he'll remember — Yes, it is exactly six months ago to-day, Anne. Our rector's wife was giving a garden party for the church, and daddy let me go. I wore a sweet white dress and a broad hat trimmed with pink roses; I was standing under a tree near a tea-table. There were a lot of scalloped cakes on it — I always remembered that — and just then I saw Dick — I mean Mr. Ely — coming in at the gate. Oh, Anne, I forgot all about my pudding! Why didn't you make me remember?"

The hastily opened oven disclosed the melancholy and smoking ruins of a faultless meringue which had crowned a suspiciously lumpy pudding, the creation of the little lady's dainty hands. "That's what comes of being raw," I said; "it was my fault."

"No, it was mine," contradicted Mrs. Richard Ely, winking hard to keep the big tears from spilling quite over. "And it was such a delicious pudding, too. I know Dick would have liked it."

She sat down by the window then and read solemnly in the cook-book for at least fifteen minutes; a passing glance revealed the subject which was bringing so perplexed a frown to her smooth forehead. I afterward perused the page myself. It was headed Advice to Young Housekeepers on the Management of Servants. It began thus: "*Never* linger in your kitchen for the purpose of conversing with a servant. *Nothing* is more derogatory to your own dignity or more fatal to good discipline. Give your directions clearly and simply; commenting briefly on what has been well accomplished, and more briefly still on what displeases you. An impertinent or unruly servant is the proper complement of an unwise mistress."

. . . .

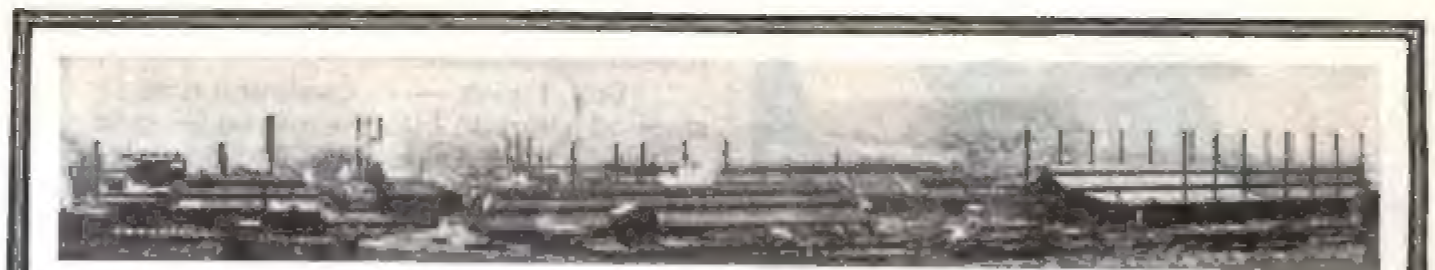
Mr. Richard Ely is a tall, broad-shouldered young man with a clear-cut, straight-featured face and honest gray eyes. He seems to me very like a big boy; though of late when he looks at his pretty wife certain grim lines creep out about his mouth and chin which make him look much older.

Mrs. Ely noticed this to-day — I had just been changing the plates and the door was not quite closed behind me — "Don't look at me like that, Dick," she said; "you're not cross, exactly, but I do believe you'd like to eat me instead of the salad. Anne makes such good salad, too."

The young man's laugh sounded a trifle forced (in the kitchen). I heard him get up from his chair and walk around the table. Then I knew without seeing or hearing that her pretty head was on his arm, and that he was whispering in her pink ear.

I coughed discreetly — I had forgotten the cheese — and he went back to his place laughing without any pretense this time.

Afterward when I was washing the dishes Mr. Ely came into the kitchen whistling carelessly. He said he wanted a glass of water, but stopped me when I would have fetched it for him. "You seem a good sort, Anne," he said, his eyes resting upon me with a frankly inquiring gaze which yet conveyed the impression of a real anxiety.



ARLINGTON

Own Realty in a Section Where $130,000,000 are Paid Out Annually in Wages

Right in the midst of the greatest wage earning section in the world. Within easy walking or riding distance of the largest iron and steel, and electric plants in the world — only a few minutes from the world's greatest tube plant. Millions are being made each year in Greater Pittsburg realty, and wise and shrewd investors are buying Arlington lots now. You have the same opportunity. Arlington lots are selling rapidly — the time to act is now.

$10 secures any lot — $5 or $10 a month pays for it
No Interest, No Taxes, No Mortgages
Free deed in case of death

Arlington is on two car lines — the Belt Line passes through it — cars every six minutes. McKeesport — the home of the world's greatest tube mill — is but five minutes ride. Wilmerding — the home of the great Westinghouse industries — 7 minutes, and Pittsburg itself but 30 minutes. Every lot in Arlington is desirable. No lowlands or hillsides. All are from 30 to 60 feet wide, on avenues and streets 40 to 60 feet wide. City water, electric lights and gas on the plan. Everything at hand to make Arlington an ideal home site.

The photos shown below were taken on streets adjoining Arlington — showing the high-class residences of the vicinity. *Send for booklet "B" for description.*

Free railroad fare to lot buyers from points east of the Mississippi.
Liberal allowance from more distant points.

WRITE TO-DAY. DO NOT WAIT.

G. M. CYPHER & CO. 1910 FRICK BUILDING, PITTSBURG
606 LOCUST ST., McKEESPORT

REFERENCES: — First National Bank, McKeesport; Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg.

Representative Agents wanted everywhere

This $18 Ironfold Sliding Box Couch, $10

This Handsome High-Grade Box Couch and Double Bed Complete with Spring and Mattress.

The mechanism is so simple that a child can operate it. Made of very best quality steel angles, attractively and durably enameled. Rich dark green denim top mattress, filled with finest long fiber jute. **Rip Van Winkle Spring** guaranteed 20 years. Handsomely finished box rolls out from front on ball-bearing casters. When closed couch is 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. long; as bed 4 ft. 2 in. wide. Send $10, money order or N.Y. draft, and we will ship couch to you same day order is received. Bargain at $18, but we make this extraordinary low price to introduce sample of our goods in every community in the country.

Any article we make may be returned at our expense if not thoroughly satisfactory.
We manufacture and sell direct from factory to consumer every variety of Metal Furniture, Mattresses, Draperies, etc. **Send us your address for our Book and Prices.**

METAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., 41 Park Row, New York

The brand "**H & R**" on a firearm is a guarantee of superiority in every detail of design, workmanship and finish. **FREE** — Complete descriptive Catalog of "**H & R**" Guns and Revolvers.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
Dept. P, Worcester, Mass.

BECOME A NURSE

No occupation open to women can compare with that of the trained nurse. It is elevating, enjoyable work — graduates earning $15 to $30 a week. We teach this profession by mail. An interesting booklet which clearly defines the scope of our courses and the nature of our work will be sent without expense to interested readers.

Address
CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
205 Main Street, JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

200,000 SOLD; DID YOU GET YOURS?

GET A COPY OF CONKLIN'S WRITING DESK BOOK

IT HELPS ALL WHO WRITE AND CONTAINS

HAVE I USED THE RIGHT WORD? . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting 15,000 Synonyms and Antonyms. Page 271.
HAVE I SPELLED IT CORRECTLY? . . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting 50,000 Words Difficult to Spell. Page 277.
SHALL I USE A CAPITAL LETTER? . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting How to Use Capital Letters. Page 11.
IS THE SENTENCE GRAMMATICAL? . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting Rules of Grammar. Pages 20 and 24.
IS IT PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED? . . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting Rules of Construction. Page 32.
HAVE I PUNCTUATED IT CORRECTLY? . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting How to Punctuate Correctly. Page 11.
IS IT CORRECT IN STYLE? . . . . FIND OUT BY
Consulting Rules of Style and Composition. Pages 33 and 72.

This volume has also Forms of Address; Slips of the Tongue and Pen; Abbreviations in Common Use; A Dictionary of Quotations, and much other miscellaneous matter of great value. Bound in leather. **365 pages.** Mailed for **50c** in stamps, by

GEO. W. OGILVIE & CO., 179 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

INVENTIONS

patented and sale undertaken if patent is obtained through us. 20 years' experience. Send for booklet.

PATENT DEVELOPMENT COMPANY OF AMERICA
160 Broadway, New York City

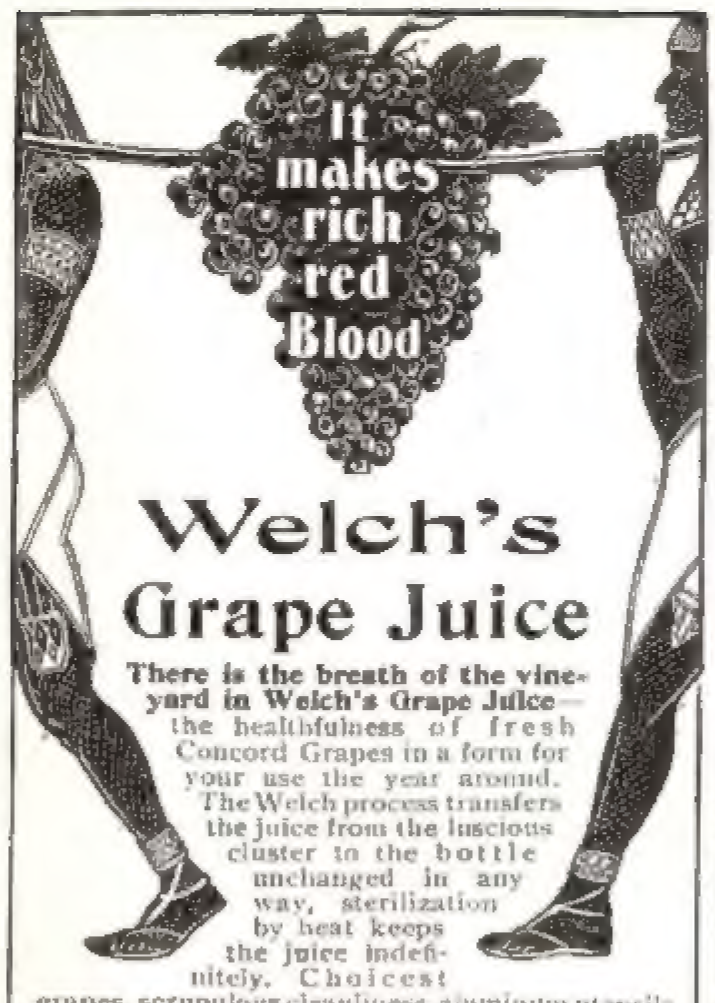
LEARN SHORTHAND IT WILL INCREASE YOUR SALARY

Easiest and most practical course of Shorthand ever taught. Especially adapted for mail instruction. Each student receives the personal supervision of the originator of this System, Mr. H. Graham Paterson, Official Instructor of Shorthand, Educational Dept., Chicago Y. M. C. A. Send today for full information.

THE PATERSON INSTITUTE
1229 Association Building, Chicago, Illinois

A COMPLETE POULTRY PLANT

and 80 acres of land close in, 2000 hens, 3 horses, 1 cow, all farming implements; place well improved. Price reasonable, terms easy; will trade. **L. W. Jefferson, Hollister, California.**


It makes rich red Blood

Welch's Grape Juice

There is the breath of the vineyard in Welch's Grape Juice—the healthfulness of fresh Concord Grapes in a form for your use the year around. The Welch process transfers the juice from the luscious cluster to the bottle unchanged in any way, sterilization by heat keeps the juice indefinitely. Choicest grapes, scrupulous cleanliness, aluminum utensils and other modern machinery, knowledge and care in the process, purity of product, make **Welch's Grape Juice** the best.

Welch's Grape Juice
is a Typhoid Fever Preventative

Use this "Nature's Finest Food and Drink" as a beverage—on the table—as a light refreshment for special occasions. It's always good.

Welch's is guaranteed pure. Your dealer can supply you; if not, send $3.00 for 12 full pints (one-half case), shipped express prepaid, anywhere in the U. S. east of Omaha. *Try your dealer first.* Booklet with recipes free, 3-oz. bottle by mail 10 cents.

Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, New York

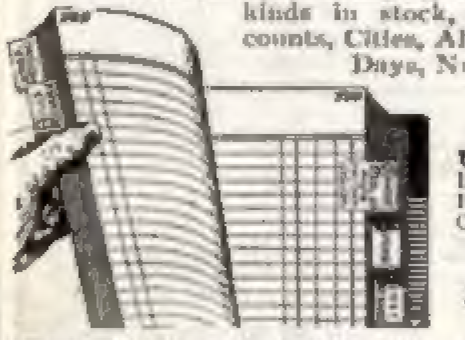
The Point of our Argument

4%

Our Simple and Safe Method of
BANKING BY MAIL
Pays 4% *interest compounded every six months*
On checking accounts we pay 2 per cent.
Capital, Surplus, Undivided Profits
$6,000,000.00
Total Deposits
$9,000,000.00
Full particulars given in our
BOOKLET No. 4, SENT FREE
PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Smith's Adjustable Index Tags
"SAVE 20% OF A BOOK-KEEPER'S TIME"

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. **500** kinds in stock, including Accounts, Cities, Alphabets, States, Days, Numbers, Months and Tags to WRITE on.



Used by U. S. War Dept., American Tin Plate Co., Illinois Central R. R., etc.

Catalog Free
Sample 5 Cents

Dept. F, Chas. C. Smith, Mfr., Exeter, Neb.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

In order to introduce our seeds to thousands who have never used "**HASKINS SEEDS,**" we will send one packet of each of the following grand varieties:

Beets—Crosby's Egyptian.
Carrots—Danver's Half Long.
Lettuce—Prize Head.
Turnip—Improved Purple Top.
Nasturtium—Tall.
Cabbage—Warren's Stone Mason.
Cucumber—Long Green.
Onion—Yellow Globe Danver.
Radish—Early Scarlet Turnip.
Sweet Peas—Finest Mixed.

Ten packets for only **10c**, and each customer gets our illustrated catalogue for 1904. Cut out this coupon and mail with 10c. to

W. J. HASKIN & CO., 155 Court Street, Binghamton, N. Y.

AN EDUCATION WITHOUT CASH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for a little work done in leisure hours this summer. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to **The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.**

"I hope so, sir, I am sure," I said with a decent self-respect.

"Well, I wish —— Confound it all!" He stopped short to bite his mustache savagely. "The fact is, Anne, Mrs. Ely doesn't know much about housekeeping, you know, and I'll not have her bothered; but I—now I hope you're as sensible as you look and won't fly off at a tangent. The long and short of it is, that we're spending too much on our housekeeping. Don't you suppose you could ——"

"Economize?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it; sort of cut down a trifle, don't you know. I don't care about kickshaws, myself, and I guess that's what counts." He was feeling in his pocket with visible embarrassment as he spoke. "Don't mention this to Mrs. Ely," he added, and depositing a silver dollar on the table somewhat precipitately retired.

. . . .

My young mistress came in from a shopping expedition this morning in great spirits. "I just love to buy pretty things," she observed as I helped her off with her jacket. "Oh, Anne, you've no idea of the bargains! I bought the sweetest waist this morning, not a bit showy nor loud, but just lovely. It was a Joubert waist, just reduced from fifty dollars to twenty-five. It would have been a sin not to take it; but I was puzzled for a minute to know how to manage. I only had five dollars and fifty cents in my purse—Dick gave it to me this morning for the housekeeping. But the shopkeeper was just as polite and accommodating as could be; he said he would take the five dollars and send the waist this evening—I can't think how—it reminded me of fish, I know."

"Do you mean C. O. D.?" I asked.

"Yes, that's it; but then I only had fifty cents left, you see—just enough for car fare, after I bought my violets. Afterward I remembered about the dinner. Isn't it ridiculous, Anne? How Dick will laugh at me when I tell him." She went away singing, while I rehearsed the rôle of Old Mother Hubbard.

"Don't bother about the dinner, Anne," said Mrs. Ely from the sink where she was arranging her violets in a bowl of fresh water. "We sha'n't mind going out to a restaurant for once."

I remembered my *pourboire*. "Mr. Ely left a dollar with me, ma'am, for—for the housekeeping," I said.

"He did!" said my mistress in a surprised tone. "Why, how odd of Dick. I wonder how he came to think of doing such a thing as that?"

"Mr. Ely said he didn't want you bothered, ma'am," I replied mendaciously.

"Well, perhaps it's lucky he did it this once," observed my mistress with a displeased lifting of her eyebrows; "but I shall tell him I like to be bothered with my own housekeeping."

Then we forgot our mutual embarrassment in the fun of getting up a dollar dinner, after the pattern of an elaborate menu in the cookbook. It was a very good dinner, too; Mr. Richard Ely enjoyed it unaffectedly. "You are growing into the cleverest little housekeeper, dear," he told her as he helped himself to cheese.

Mrs. Ely's bright eyes sparkled with mischief. "When we've finished, Dick," she said, "I have the very funniest thing to tell you about this dinner. We should have been dining in a restaurant to-night, sir, if you hadn't been foolish enough to leave that dollar with Anne. I'm going to lecture you about it, too, afterward. Don't you know I like to be bothered—*for you?*"

Mr. Ely cast a slightly reproachful glance at me—I was removing the crumbs. "I don't think I understand, Gladys," he said very gravely.

"No, of course you don't, dear boy," responded Mrs. Ely, dimpling.

Just then a loud step sounded in the passage. "Dear me," pouted my mistress, "I do hope it isn't that stupid man with my new waist before I have time to tell you the joke. But you might as well open the door, Dick, while Anne fetches the pudding."

I am sure I don't know why, but something prompted me to consume an unconscionable time in removing the pudding from its mould and dishing up the sauce. When I finally brought it smoking hot into the dining-room my young mistress and master had disappeared altogether; so had the man who brought the parcel.

I hesitated for a moment or too, then ventured to tap lightly on the closed door of the little parlor. "The pudding is served, ma'am," I said softly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Great
SPREAD
For Daily Bread
Karo
CORN SYRUP

"BEST SEEDS THAT GROW"

This motto is not a mere advertising "catch phrase," but represents the standard of the BURPEE QUALITY IN SEEDS. Growing seeds of the highest grade is not only our business but our pleasure as well.

BURPEE'S
FARM ANNUAL

"THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE" is now more "a leader" than ever before. Thoroughly revised and greatly improved, it tells not only THE PLAIN TRUTH about seeds, but has also **many new features for 1904. An elegant book of 178 pages,** it contains hundreds of illustrations from nature and **six superb lithographic colored plates.**

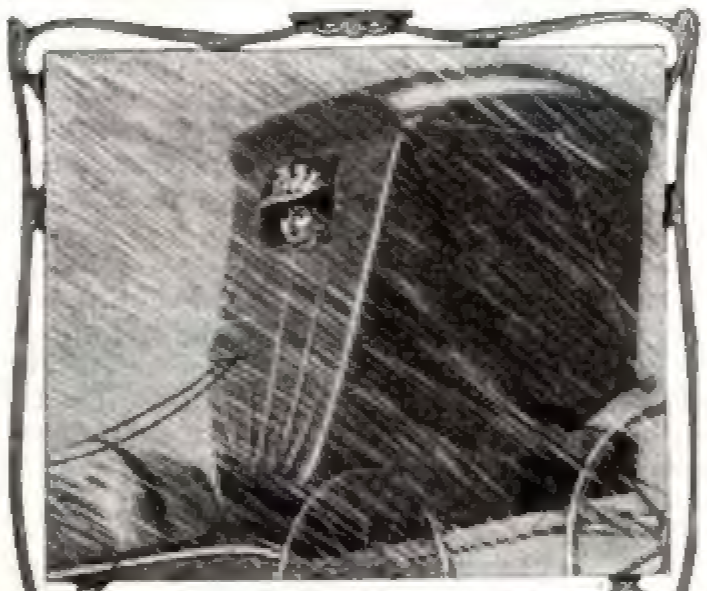
REGISTERED WAB TRADE MARK

It presents also *twenty-one faithful photogravures* of America's Largest Mail Order Seed Trade,—views in both town and country.

It's Free! to any address on a **postal card,** *provided* you intend to buy seeds.

BETTER WRITE TO-DAY!

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Building Philadelphia, Pa.



Not a drop can touch you when your buggy is closed up by the

Blizzard Storm Front

Patented in United States and Canada.

Fits any buggy.

Adjusted in 30 seconds without getting out or removing gloves, sides open and close as quickly and easily as a door, large line pocket, guaranteed satisfactory. The large window, 12 x 20 inches, is a pliable transparent material that won't break. Rubber Cloth, $3.50; Heavy Rubber Cloth, $4.00. Trade-mark "Blizzard" is stamped under drive pocket on inside. If your dealer hasn't it, write us.

Illustrated booklet free.

Vehicle Apron & Hood Co., 309 E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

Folding Canvas Boats. Equal to best wood boats. Unsinkable, non-capsizable. Wear longer than any other. No repairs. No leaks. Store anywhere. Carry by hand. The boat for any use. Send 6c. for catalog—400 testimonials and 100 engravings.
King Folding Canvas Boat Co., 672 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

GREGORY'S SEEDS

Famous for nearly half a century for their freshness, purity and reliability—the safest, surest seeds to sow. Ask anyone who has ever planted them. Sold under three warrants.

Send to-day for free catalogue.

J. J. H. GREGORY & SON
Marblehead, Mass.

YOU CAN SUCCEED

in the poultry business just as we have if you follow the same plans. We tell all about what we have done and how we did it, in our new year book,

"Poultry for Profit"

Gives cuts of every variety of fowl, together with prices for **singles, pairs, trios and pens,** and eggs for hatching, in season. Cuts and plans for poultry houses. It cost too much money and time to be given away, but is sent for **10 cents.**
THE J. W. MILLER CO., Box 12, Freeport, Ill.

20 YEAR GUARANTEE

Goes with the old original **Prairie State Incubators** and **Brooders.** U. S. Government uses them exclusively. Have won 382 first prizes. Our free catalog interests poultry raisers. Send for it.

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
Homer City, Pa.

SQUABS

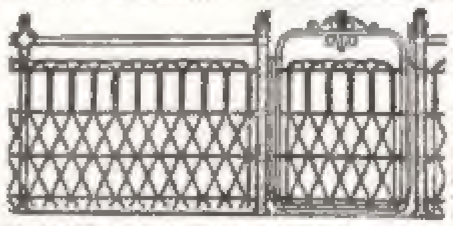
sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 2 A Friend Street, Boston, Mass.**

EVERGREENS

including Blue Spruce, Douglas Spruce and Concolor of Colorado. Forest Trees, Forest Tree Seedlings, ornamental trees and shrubs. Nursery grown on our own premises. Very hardy and certified free from disease by State Entomologist.

R. DOUGLAS' SONS
Box 11 Waukegan, Ill.

DWIGGINS CLIMATE-PROOF **Fences**



are the standard for parks, lawns, cemeteries, etc. Double galvanized steel wire throughout, offers perfect resistance to climatic changes. Distinctive designs—trim, graceful. Catalogue **FREE,** shows variety of styles 20 to 50c. a foot.

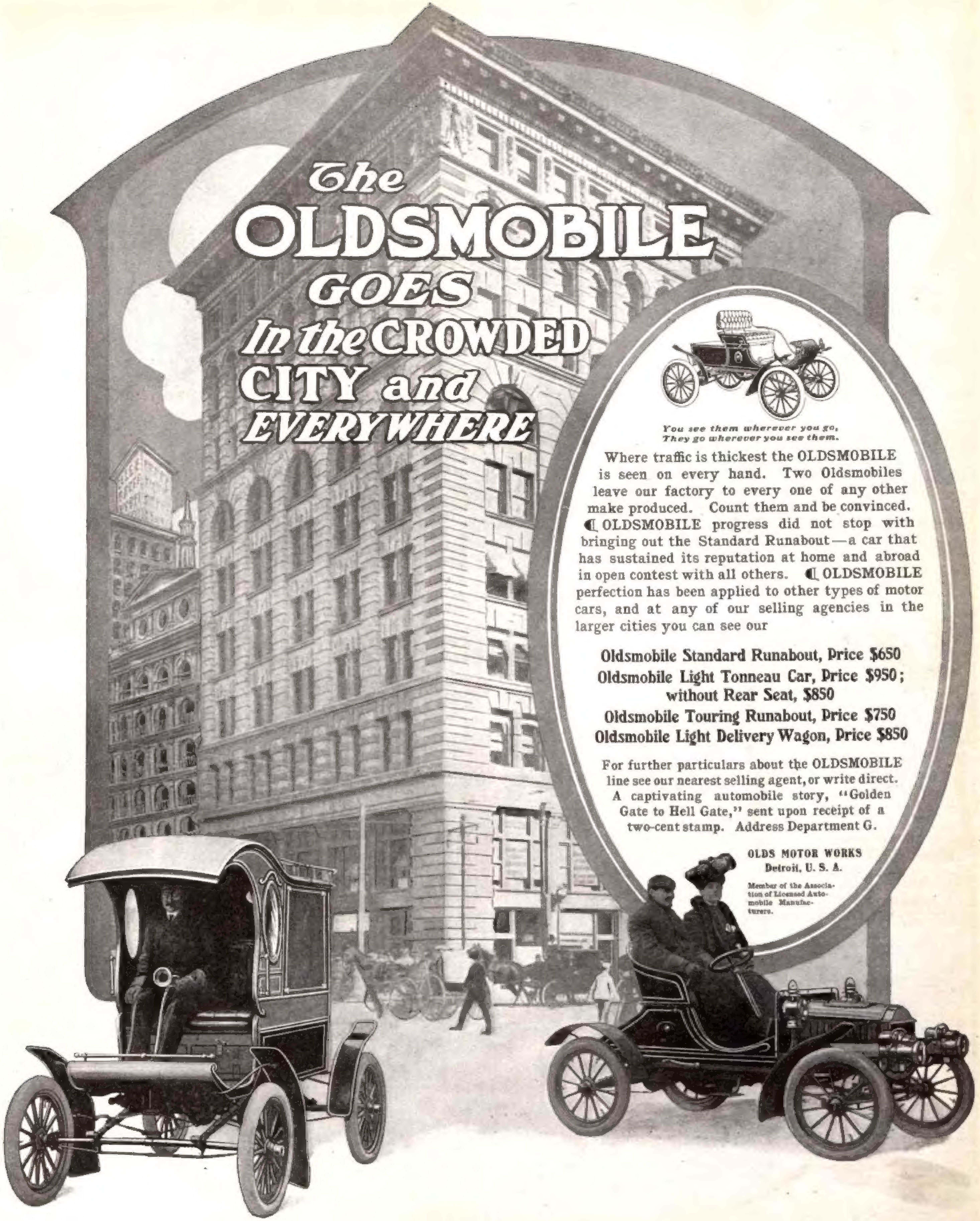
DWIGGINS WIRE FENCE CO., 15 Dwiggins Avenue, ANDERSON, IND.

$9,000 Poultry Catalog

40 kinds Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Chickens, fowls and eggs cheap. 100 grand pictures, 20 house plans. We make hens lay, cure disease, etc. Send 10 cts. for mailing catalogue. **Incubators 30 days free trial**

200 page Incubator Catalog free

J. R. Brabazon, Jr. & Co., Box 110, Delavan, Wis.



The OLDSMOBILE GOES In the CROWDED CITY and EVERYWHERE

You see them wherever you go,
They go wherever you see them.

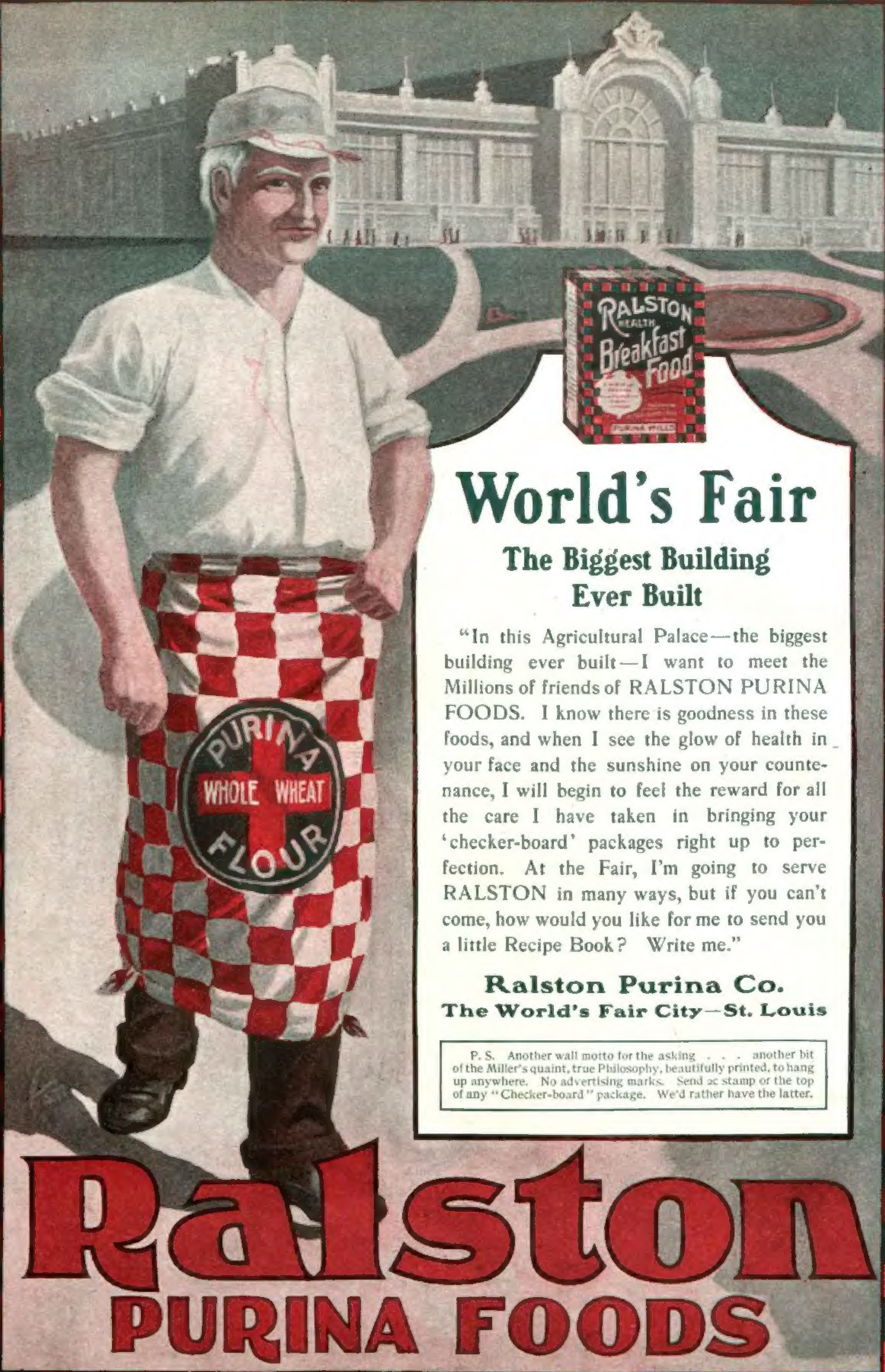
Where traffic is thickest the OLDSMOBILE is seen on every hand. Two Oldsmobiles leave our factory to every one of any other make produced. Count them and be convinced. ❡ OLDSMOBILE progress did not stop with bringing out the Standard Runabout—a car that has sustained its reputation at home and abroad in open contest with all others. ❡ OLDSMOBILE perfection has been applied to other types of motor cars, and at any of our selling agencies in the larger cities you can see our

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, Price $650
Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car, Price $950; without Rear Seat, $850
Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, Price $750
Oldsmobile Light Delivery Wagon, Price $850

For further particulars about the OLDSMOBILE line see our nearest selling agent, or write direct. A captivating automobile story, "Golden Gate to Hell Gate," sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Department G.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.



World's Fair

The Biggest Building Ever Built

"In this Agricultural Palace—the biggest building ever built—I want to meet the Millions of friends of RALSTON PURINA FOODS. I know there is goodness in these foods, and when I see the glow of health in your face and the sunshine on your countenance, I will begin to feel the reward for all the care I have taken in bringing your 'checker-board' packages right up to perfection. At the Fair, I'm going to serve RALSTON in many ways, but if you can't come, how would you like for me to send you a little Recipe Book? Write me."

Ralston Purina Co.
The World's Fair City—St. Louis

P. S. Another wall motto for the asking . . . another bit of the Miller's quaint, true Philosophy, beautifully printed, to hang up anywhere. No advertising marks. Send 2c stamp or the top of any "Checker-board" package. We'd rather have the latter.

Ralston
PURINA FOODS